

Redacted

## Record of Abuse

<b>NOTE:</b> "The Church of Satan" is abbreviated as "CS."
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I was born in Redacted. I was named Redacted. Redacted gave me the middle names "Redacted" for Redacted, Redacted (and Redacted Carma Rose, Redacted Rosabelle, and Redacted Rosa), and "Redacted" for Redacted, David Lee (and Redacted Robert Lee). I was taught my Redacted signified that I was Redacted (and their Redacted, etc.) property, eternally. They taught me that I had been chosen before birth to be "The Peacemaker" among Redacted. I had also been chosen, as Redacted told me, to become Redacted's second wife and to bear his children. Redacted were and, to the best of my knowledge, remain members of The Church of Satan (CS), a group/church/cult that worships Lucifer (Satan). They tried to hide our membership in this group from the public eye. For this reason, we publically belonged to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, although we were not always "active" members. Redacted worked as a clinical psychologist and Redacted, a homemaker who saw that Redacted and I were trained in certain subjects/ways that supported our "duties" in our home and Church (CS).

### CHURCH

We attended the LDS church throughout my life, although we often were "less active" (sometimes "barely active"). I attended Primary, and less of Young Women's, but at times stayed home "sick." At times I was legitimately sick, especially with the germs and close contact to adults I was exposed to in our private life. However, other times when Redacted told people we were "sick" on Sundays, Redacted and I were being forced to "entertain suitors/clients" as prostitutes. Some of these higher paying clients would stay for a full weekend.

At home, Redacted used LDS Primary songs, hymns, art, and other materials when they tortured or terrorized us. This created deep-seated feelings of dread and distrust when attending LDS meetings or events.

Date: 1991-1992

Time: Afternoon - Evening

Location: Provo House

**Redacted** opened my door abruptly and walked in to my room one afternoon. I was trying to do homework at my secretary\* desk and singing, "We'll Bring the World His Truth" (an LDS Primary song that I loved). I immediately stopped singing. **Redacted** smiled at catching me. That night at dinner she told **Redacted** that I wanted to be in Jehovah's army and not Lucifer's. She said she could clearly read my intentions and that I needed to be punished. After dinner **Redacted** took me to his room and took off his belt. He made me lower my pants and lie across his lap, bottom up, as he sat on the bed. He made me sing the song while he stuck his finger in my vagina and scratched me inside, whipped me with the belt, and then vaginally raped me. I was not allowed to stop singing until it was all over.

**Frequency:** Between **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and other Church (CS) members these LDS songs, materials, and references were used in abuse 3 to 10 times a week, sometimes more.

Another night during 4<sup>th</sup> grade in Provo, **Redacted** held a **Redacted** orgy where, in the beginning, they made us sing "As I Have Loved You" (from the LDS Primary song book) and touch each other while they watched. **Redacted** laughed and masturbated while **Redacted** wore a white sheet, pretending to be Jesus, and made us lick his anus and then suck his urine out of his penis.

When I was in Junior Primary, **Redacted** focused on the younger Primary songs – especially the ones with actions. She would have us learn different actions where we tickled or touched she and **Redacted** in sexual ways (for example, squeezing her breasts on "Popcorn Popping," instead of making the regular hand motion or demonstrating our senses on their bodies - mostly on nipples and genitals - and singing "My Heavenly Father Loves Me"). I watched her do this with all **Redacted** starting as infants (she would stimulate the baby's genitals while singing). **Redacted** also frequently used these primary songs and other hymns. She also loved to talk about **Redacted**'s superiority and the importance of **Redacted** and make us sing the genealogy songs, including "Genealogy – I am doing it" and "Truth from Elijah." She often had us sing them (and other primary songs) while she ordered us to massage her body with lotion and before and after making us give her oral sex.

\*I had inherited the secretary desk from **Redacted** and **Redacted** Carma. **Redacted** and **Redacted** told me I needed to pray kneeling on my chair, making the desk an alter. It, along with the matching poster bed, had belonged to Carma's mother, Rosabelle de Jong. I was told Rosabelle had been "assigned" to be my (CS) guardian angel and had been **Redacted**'s guardian angel while she grew up. I was told that using her belongings, especially praying over them, would bring me closer to Rosabelle and Lucifer, himself.

**Redacted** held what they called “**Redacted**,” an LDS practice of setting a night or nights aside for spiritual instruction and **Redacted** and bonding. However, our **Redacted** activities included photo shoots, rehearsals, and practice sessions for **Redacted**’s child pornography and prostitution businesses, similar preparation for upcoming live performances, and lectures on CS doctrine, nearly always ending with us being raped or sodomized, tortured, or forced to give them oral sex. When we lived in Provo, we regularly did some of these **Redacted** in the company of our **Redacted** and others.

**Redacted**, **Redacted**, and their friends in Spring City often talked about how the original group there was inferior to them and resentful of them moving in and forming a competing council and group. Bobette Allred and her husband lived on and off with their mother, Linda Allred, on our same block in Spring City. They were the LDS nursery leaders when **Redacted** was old enough to go. **Redacted** would not allow **Redacted** to go to nursery because he said Bobette and her husband were “ritual abusers” and he didn’t want **Redacted** to be taught by them. He said they were inferior to **Redacted** (bloodline) and **Redacted** said she agreed with him.

I attended LDS church when and where **Redacted** permitted me. As a teenager, **Redacted** told me to avoid most of my LDS church classes unless **Redacted** or Joe Bennion taught them. **Redacted** said this was because he wanted me to learn “true doctrine.” **Redacted** and Joe both had Youth callings during the years we lived in Spring City. There were years I attended **Redacted**’s classes when I should have, because of my age, been going to a younger class. He also had me attend the boy scout activities he ran.

Joe (“The Punisher”) loved to single me out and embarrass me and I was very shy in his classes. He would also ask me about things that he knew would give me feelings of humiliation, such as questions about sexual purity. Later, at the big Sunday dinners we frequently had with **Redacted** friends, he would often tell the other adults how I blushed or mumbled in his class and I would get teased and called a “prude.”

Starting when I was in LDS Primary and throughout my life to adulthood, when we visited **Redacted** was teaching, **Redacted** would insist that I sit in the back of his class with her – even if it was all-male Priesthood lesson. It was part of my education, she would say. **Redacted** would introduce and welcome us, too.

## **OTHER “SPIRITUAL” GUIDANCE**

**Redacted** took us to see seers, astrologers, fortune tellers, etc. We went several times to Jan Carpenter in Salt Lake City – a woman who does “future readings.” **Redacted** also sent me a taped reading from Jan when I was living in **Redacted**.

**Redacted** took me to a fortuneteller by the side of the road in Fountain Green and had her read my palm and do other things. **Redacted** has told me several times that she rang up a huge bill with the Jamaican TV (1-800...) fortune teller lady ("Miss Cleo") during **Redacted's** the divorce trial. We also received extensive charts and readings from an astrologer client.

## **SCHOOL**

For their CS purposes, **Redacted** frequently kept us home from school. **Redacted** and **Redacted** (Carma) drilled into us a quote from **Redacted**, Gerrit de Jong Jr.: "Never allow schooling to get in the way of your education." I missed days, weeks, and months of school at a time (sometimes many, many months). Of the days I did go, there were many half or partial days. We were up late into the night so often doing ceremonies or otherwise being abused and were exhausted in the morning. **Redacted** often overslept herself. She would drive us or have us walk to school alone (elementary school). I was regularly tardy to my classes in the morning. She would also make us tardy or keep us home a half to full day sometimes for the purpose of "pleasuring" her (with oral sex, massage, etc.). **Redacted** also signed us out for illness frequently. We contracted a lot of illnesses having to be so intimate with so many promiscuous adults.

Date: **Redacted** Grade  
Time: Morning  
Location: Provo House

One morning I got ready and went to find **Redacted**. She still hadn't gotten out of bed. She had her vibrator on the bed beside her. She said she wasn't going to take me to school until my lunchtime. I started complaining. She furrowed her eyebrows, raised her lips and hissed at me like a cat. She started talking to me in her cat voice (sing-song & guttural voice combo with meowing in between) and called me "Tabitha." She ordered me to take off my clothes and get in bed with her or **Redacted** would use the black whip on me after school. As I climbed into bed she yanked my hair back and held me down, biting wide across the front of my neck with her teeth. She held it for a second while I cried and then said (still talking like a "cat") if I didn't do a good job on her she would bite all the way through. She made me nurse her breasts and give her oral sex while she purred and moaned like a cat. Then she said I could leave and watch one program on TV but the **Redacted** it was over I was supposed to brush my teeth really well and come back. **Redacted** watched TV with me. When I returned she made me repeat the nursing and oral sex. Then she took me to school.

**Frequency:** This type of morning happened at least 5-10 times a month through my



childhood, when I was in school. During this time, she would most often make me do stuff with her for 15-30 minutes and I was not so late. Sometimes she made me do oral sex on her when she would come down to my room in the morning. It happened more often during the summer and when we were not enrolled in school.

Both **Redacted** and **Redacted** would bite our necks like that and do other “alpha” animal moves (they called them). They used various animal voices/ personas: cat (big and small), horse, “bunny,” dog, and more. When I got older, **Redacted** would hold me down they would talk in cat voices while **Redacted** pulled out my “whiskers” (pubic hair) one by one to torture me. She often made me eat them as she pulled them out.

Sometimes (especially when we lived in Spring City and **Redacted** was in Provo working) **Redacted** liked to have everyone out of the house (in the outbuildings or field or at school) so she could have “visitors” (without our disgusted looks, she said). Sometimes she and Joe Bennion or other men and women who were in the group would have sex during the weekdays or nights.

I did not do well in school. I was usually tardy (from grade school through high school). I was on my own with the great majority of my homework, in which was I chronically behind. I also had the big problem (starting in Kindergarten and 1<sup>st</sup> grade through high school and my UVSC classes) of falling asleep or zoning out in class. I would try to stay awake and keep up, but I just couldn’t maintain it. I also had a traumatic time in 1<sup>st</sup> grade frequently wetting my pants and sometimes leaving large puddles on the floor. As a teenager, I mostly fluctuated between A’s and D’s/F’s. If they did anything about my failing grades in Junior or High School, **Redacted** would usually go to one of our doctors and get a note dismissing me from my assignments for a “medical” reason. Then she would go to the teacher and work out some kind of deal where I did less work. Also, **Redacted** would often write my most important papers himself. He would handwrite the draft or walk around his office and dictate it to me and I would hand copy it or type it out and turn it in.

**Redacted** also liked to talk to their CS friends about public vs. private school, home school, and charter school. Most of the CS members I have known prefer private or home school over “the cesspool,” as **Redacted** called it – a.k.a. public school. (When **Redacted** married her current husband, Ford, she stopped using that phrase since Ford’s son teaches public school.) **Redacted** and some of their friends tried to start their own home school hybrid (which they named “Orson Hyde Academy”) but it was short lived. The Bennion girls and other kids of CS adults we knew went to Wasatch Academy in Sanpete. **Redacted** always wanted **Redacted** to go to Meridian in Provo, but did not have the money. She sent **Redacted** there later.

In **Redacted** grade I was allowed to take 3 “core classes” (English, math, and science) at **Redacted** Junior High. **Redacted** did not want me to take the bus regularly. My classes were scheduled just before and after lunch. **Redacted** was rarely there to pick

me up within the hour my classes ended. Many times I waited 2-4 hours, sometimes sitting in the front office or outside after school had ended still waiting for her. She was extremely physically and verbally abusive during this period. One weekday (1993) when she picked me up, she began yelling at me over my poor grade on a big test. She became enraged and while driving, unbuckled my seat belt, opened the passenger door, and tried to push me out of the moving car – elbowing me in my chest and neck as I struggled to buckle myself back in. I clung on to the sides of the door and tried to brace myself with my legs. My ankle got slammed in the door as it swung open and shut. After a few minutes she gave up trying to push me out and pulled the car over, pulling fistfuls of my hair, beating me on the head with her fist, berating me for drawing attention to our family, and yelling at me to get out of the car. I just huddled in my seat until she stopped and we drove home in silence. The next year, she sent me to Redacted grade there and then I went on and off to Redacted High School over the next four years.

During my high school years when I lived a lot in Provo, I did some courses at “Redacted.” It was a center next to UVSC that offered take-home courses mostly for “troubled teens.” Although I earned some credits earned there, I never qualified to graduate from High School. (I had not graduated Junior High, either.) I still had dreams of going to college, and Redacted were separated and talking divorce by then, so I studied on my own and got my GED a year or so after my class graduated. I struggled with a small amount of UVSC classes for several semesters. “CJ” (Angela Fenton) also attended UVSC for a time while I was there and I was terrified when I ran into or saw him/her. Redacted had threatened me at Redacted and Redacted’s visitation appointment that he was going to stalk me at UVSC. He said that I “would never be safe” and he would “always be watching” me. Because of this and a lifetime of threats, I was terrified to stay in Utah. In Redacted I married and moved to Redacted.

## EDUCATION

In order to conceal the effects of Redacted religion, their abuse of us, and our lack of schooling, Redacted tried to train us *socially* above and beyond our peers. Our “education” was primarily in things that would further Redacted success in the Church (CS). Redacted said these things were far more important for us than school success. When school became important in their eyes it was often when school officials or community members made things uncomfortable for Redacted (too many questions, etc.). For school problems and to “explain” our poor academic record, Redacted had many exceptions made for us where she claimed we had health problems, learning disabilities, and later psychological problems.

Sexual education - Noted throughout document

Redacted enrolled us in dance classes nearly every year in New York and Provo. In

addition she had us take a variety of BYU summer dance camps. She said they would increase our attractiveness, grace, balance, coordination, and flexibility.

As a young teenager, **Redacted** presented me with a huge etiquette book by Emily Post. **Redacted** was a very ridged teacher in public etiquette. As “The Peacemaker,” I was responsible for policing most of **Redacted** speech and behavior – especially outside the home.

**Redacted** constantly and harshly corrected our speech and grammar, telling us when we made mistakes that people would think we were stupid and uneducated. **Redacted** and **Redacted** were called “Grammar Nazis” and similar titles – mostly behind their backs. **Redacted** would sometimes physically abuse us (hitting, spanking) for repeated grammar offences.

**Redacted** had a large library of paperback children and young adult classics, and included young adult non-classics with explicit sexual content. Some of these explicit books had been **Redacted**’s growing up.

**Redacted** made us take a few summer drawing and other art classes, painting lessons from **Redacted**’s aunt Nola, and art lessons from **Redacted**, Carma. We were to compete in school and community art shows and competitions so we would appear “accomplished.” She also used our artwork to specifically attract artist “clients” (prostitution). **Redacted** took us to many art museums (and other museums), especially when traveling.

I was ordered to study and practice general handwriting and calligraphy on my own and **Redacted** gave me calligraphy books and pens. This skill was applied as I fulfilled one of my duties: record-keeping. I was responsible for journaling and written correspondence with friends and family describing an idyllic home life. I was also supposed to write love letters to “clients” (prostitution). **Redacted** and **Redacted** would help me write the content and then I would copy it in my best handwriting or calligraphy. **Redacted** would also have me write out family contracts, oaths, and other documents for Church (CS) purposes. Calligraphy further developed my hand coordination and dexterity and helped me appear more educated than I was.

While living in Spring City, **Redacted** enrolled us in 4-H riding lessons and competitions. Our instructors were Ellen Walker, a CS member who also performed abortions for the group, and Lee Bennion. Once and a while we did get hurt in practice. However, when I would get hurt or bruised from the violent rape and torture I received, **Redacted** often made me tell people that I had been injured by a horse (kicked, bit, etc. to explain huge and multi-colored bruising on our bodies) or during a horse-riding accident. Many times I was taken to a “healer,” a Chiropractor or regular M.D. in intense back, neck, hip, or sciatic pain from the abuse I received from **Redacted** and others and **Redacted** and **Redacted** would tell them I was bucked off a

horse. The main focus of our lessons was English (not Western) riding, jumping, and dressage because it was much more “refined” and befitting our royal birthright, **Redacted** said.

Date: 1993-1995

Time: Daytime

Location: Spring City

Once after **Redacted** violently, vaginally raped me I had shooting pain down my right leg. It was so horrible I could hardly stand or walk. They each tried some healing blessings and prayers with oil but it didn’t work. **Redacted** told me I made her “sick” (disgusted) with my crying. They drove me lying down in the back of the car to a strange “healer” woman in Nephi. She said the problem was with my “sciatic nerve.” **Redacted** flirted with her a lot. She looked like she was in her 60s and had deeply wrinkled tan skin. She had me lie stomach down on her table with my pants pulled down. She took her fingers (which were amazingly strong) and dug them deep into my right buttocks. It was excruciatingly painful and tender, plus she had very long manicured fingernails that pinched and scratched my skin. She rubbed or just held her fingers there (moving around the area) for what seemed like an hour while I cried. She told me to drink a lot of water and rest for a few days. Then we went home. **Redacted** and **Redacted** made me give them oral sex instead for the next few days since they said I shouldn’t have any problem doing that.

**Frequency:** In my teen years we went back to her approx.. 5 other times after similar violent and sexual experiences where something was pulled, pinched, or deeply bruised. At the first session **Redacted** were very excited to see how much pain they could inflict by pushing on the sciatic nerve. They would use this pressure point during torture of us because it was clean, simple, and very effective (it always hurt and was very tender).

Also, growing up it was often the case that one or more of **Redacted**’s clients was a masseuse and **Redacted** would have us use them if an emergency like this came up.

To improve my finger dexterity, coordination, hand strength, grace, poise, confidence when performing, etc. **Redacted** told me I was required to take music lessons. They wanted me to have “finesse” sexually, as **Redacted** said, in my Church (CS) progression and home career as a prostitute and second wife to **Redacted**.

I was started on the piano in New York, but they switched me to harp in Provo (I was given more piano lessons again in Spring City). **Redacted** instructed me to tell everyone who asked that **Redacted** had taken me to classical concerts “all growing up” and it had inspired me “so much.” She said to say that I had “begged and begged **Redacted**” to start the harp and when they finally saw how serious I was, they agreed. **Redacted** had me tell this fictional story (in her presence) to countless people throughout my life. **Redacted** often said wanted me to have “harp

hands," as she called them (with dexterity, coordination, strength, grace, poise, finesse, etc.).

Redacted and the filmmakers and photographers of child pornography they used often included me playing the harp in their "work." My hands were often filmed in scenes playing the harp. These "skills" (with accompanying photos and films) were advertised to potential "clients." They also had us pretend to be angels and play the harp for photos, films, and live performances and then had us perform sexual acts on each other and others.

Redacted Richard and Redacted Carma told me that Redacted had chosen my instrument well because it says in LDS scripture that Cain's descendants had been skilled on the harp. After a few years, Redacted made business cards for me that said, "Praise the Lord upon the harp." She would laugh and show the cards to CS friends and treat it as a big inside joke, saying "Lord" stood for "our Lord Lucifer."

One of my duties became playing for ceremonies and Redacted meetings (harp, piano). I was encouraged to learn melancholy songs, rhythmic songs, certain LDS hymns they used frequently (such as "Nearer My God to Thee," "I Need Thee Every Hour," "Abide With Me, Tis Eventide," "Choose the Right," and more), other hymns ("Amazing Grace"), dark Medieval and Renaissance songs, the theme from Carmen, "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel" (a longer classical piece about a distraught girl who slowly goes crazy and dies at the end), and many similar pieces.

Redacted often told me that she had *always* wanted (and had been "meant") to play the harp, too, but she said her family never had the extra money or an available teacher. Redacted paid for one of the harps we got and this "debt" I owed them was drilled into me. I was told that all monies they spent to get me instruments, lessons, and opportunities would have to be repaid by "service" to them (i.e. complete submission and obedience to them and their commands). As I had success in harp competitions, Redacted and Redacted frequently reminded me how indebted I was to them for these achievements. The better I did, the more I "owed" them. The more poorly I did, the more punishments I received.

Date: 1990 - 1991

Time: Evening

Location: G&G Condo on 2200 North

One night Redacted had a "sleep over" at her house. Redacted said Redacted was helping to pay for my harp lessons with Lysa Rytting and that I was supposed to be obedient to anything and everything she said. She said it was my responsibility to make sure Redacted did the same. Redacted walked us down to Redacted's condo after dinner. We wore our pajamas and took our "blankies." Redacted was at his office at BYU. Redacted invited Redacted to stay for a while. He accepted and she got

very excited and started talking in (what she always said was) her “sexy” voice. She told him to lie down on the blankets she had laid out in the living room. She told **Redacted** and I that she would teach us to be “artists” at oral sex with our “**Redacted**” like she had been with her “**Redacted**.” She made **Redacted** help her take off his shoes, pants, and garment bottom. She kept telling her to do different things but **Redacted** didn’t want to follow her directions. She made **Redacted** suck on **Redacted**’s penis and then made me do it and tried to make it go really far into my throat by pushing my head down. I was trying so hard not to throw up but I kept gagging and coughing. She pulled my head up by my hair and pushed me off of him. She crouched over **Redacted** and finished giving him oral sex. I looked up at the kimonos she had displayed on the wall so I wouldn’t have to watch them. She swallowed his semen when he ejaculated and made sounds like it was delicious. He kissed her before he left. Then she turned to **Redacted** and slapped her across the face (for being disobedient earlier) and as **Redacted** turned away **Redacted** hit her back with her fist. **Redacted** cried. **Redacted** got undressed and directed me to give her oral sex and **Redacted** and **Redacted** were to kiss and stroke her body. She gave out orders until she orgasmed. She then made us cuddle with her (still naked) while she sang “Abide with me, tis Eventide,” “Lead, Kindly Light” and some other hymns.

## CHILDHOOD

My elders took a great deal of care and repetition in their teaching of CS doctrine to me (and **Redacted**, as I observed at the time and later). Many of these early teachings were in the form of “games” or “play time.” These teachings were used to reinforce our experiences observing and participating in Church (CS) ceremonies that abused, tortured, and killed humans and animals. They also used many key words, images, and objects in connection with traumatic events and experiences. These things were used frequently and carefully in daily life to “remind” (threaten) and silence us. They are still using these things today.

We were taught a lot of nursery rhymes, other rhymes, poems, and songs accompanied by sexual or scary actions. They were used to threaten us later in any company. They would ask us to recite or sing one and often the other person or people there would join in (CS or non-CS). They would make us perform them at parties of CS members (in which they had us perform “the real thing”) and in mixed company (for example, in front of teachers) where just saying the words was enough to make me nervous and afraid.

Date: Summer 1984-1986

Time: Daytime

Location: G&G Old House by MTC, Provo, UT



We were visiting Redacted's old house. One night while Redacted was getting ready to put Redacted and me to bed, Redacted came in and started a reciting a rhyme. Redacted joined in:

Here is the church  
And here is the steeple,  
Open the doors,  
And see all the people.  
Close the doors  
And hear them pray,  
Open the doors  
And they all run away.

They held their hands in special formations to create a church, doors, people, etc. When they got to "all run away," they laughed and tickled us under the chin or in our armpits and then ran their fingers down to our nipples and vagina and fondled and rubbed us.

At LDS Sacrament meeting, Redacted did the hand formations and whispered in my ear over and over. She didn't fondle me, but I was afraid she was going to. Redacted gave me "Extra" gum when she was finished. He also folded his consecrated handkerchief into a "baby" in a cradle and whispered "Rock-a-bye Baby."

**Frequency:** Starting when we were very young, Redacted usually took time to sing a group of these songs or rhymes every day, if not several times a day – and especially during the "cat naps" she made Redacted and me take with her. Whenever Redacted was around, she would chime in, do them on her own, or do them in the "cat naps" she forced us to take with her. Redacted would also sing the songs around the house and made us follow her and do the actions in the air or on her. When Redacted got home at night we often did them before bedtime. On the weekends or mornings Redacted did not have school or work, they would regularly call us to their bed and they would spend an hour or so playing these "games" with us. As I grew up, Redacted also played them with each of Redacted.

Some other of these rhymes and songs included:

Rock-a-bye Baby - Violent "game." We were told to drop or throw our baby dolls on the floor and then jump on them. Redacted would drop us and catch us last second by an arm or leg (we often hit some part of our body on the floor). Sometimes he would drop us all the way and really hurt us. The "game" was never knowing how much you were going to get hurt. While we lay on the floor he would pretend he was going to jump on our stomachs. He would jump high and yell and then split his legs apart at the last second and land on either side of us. Sometimes he also kicked us in the ribs.

Star Baby - A song **Redacted** sang when she made us "nurse" her (when she was producing milk or not)

"There was a star baby way up in the sky, got tired of shining and started to cry. 'I'm tired, Star Mother,' the little star said, 'Come get me some breakfast and put me to bed.' Then came the star mother on wings of true love and dipped the big dipper into stars above. She dipped the big dipper in the Milky Way stream, and filled it to the brimful with sweet milk and cream."

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping,  
Brother John, Brother John?

Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing,  
Ding, ding, dong! Ding, ding, dong!

At which point they would make us  
grab **Redacted's** breasts alternately or  
**Redacted's** penis, or each other's  
nipples, or a combination of all.

**Redacted** and **Redacted** loved rhymes with cats and would recite them while we were having "cat naps" with them (where they required us to give them oral sex, "nurse" them, etc.). They would also use their "cat voices" which were kind of whiney, sing-song, and also guttural voices with meowing in between the words. Some of these rhymes and poems were:

The Owl and the Pussy Cat  
Three Little Kittens  
Pussy cat, Pussy cat  
I love little Pussy

I

Ding, dong bell,  
Pussy's in the well... etc.  
or

Like Rock-a-bye Baby. **Redacted** would pretend to

actually drop us on the floor. **Redacted** used the threat of dropping us in the well at our house in Spring City and other wells in the area, from the time I was very young. They especially did it as the time of our Utah vacation approached and also while we stayed in Provo with our grandparents. There were many times (1984 – 1994) when they woke me up in the night and took me to a well somewhere in or around Spring City. They would make me drop a rock down the well to hear how high the water was. They would tie me up and lower me in upside down. They would say I was too fat and heavy and yelled many times that the rope was slipping out of their hands. They would jerk me around

like I was about to fall and then laugh really hard. Joe Bennion ("Punisher") would often come, too.

When I was Redacted, "Baby Jessica" made national news falling in a well. Redacted had me watch the coverage on our black and white TV and read me "updates" from the newspaper to terrify me. In these "updates" Redacted would add made-up stories about how her family was in the church (CS) and how she had not been "good," been disobedient to her parents, had resisted her duties, had not been "loving" (sexually obedient) to her family, etc. I had a lot of trouble sleeping at all during and after her rescue for a period of time because of how scared I was. They also threatened to "amputate" parts of my body after they put me down a well, as she had to have an amputation. While she was trapped they started calling me "Baby Jessica" to threaten me or called Redacted or Redacted "Baby Jessica" to threaten me to do something in order to protect them from being hurt. This continued for years afterward. Sometimes they called me "Baby Jessica" and acted like that was my real name, that I had never been named Redacted. They would also call me that and then hold me under the water in the tub or sink. When we would stay in Spring City (before the renovation), Redacted would make us look down at the salamander (they said it was the same one year after year) in the well with flashlights to scare us even more about having to go down there if we were disobedient. They said the salamander was named "Solomon," which was Joe Bennion's CS name (Joe was also "The Punisher"). If I resisted doing anything for Redacted, she often said, "Okay, Baby Jessica..." I knew that meant I would be taken to a well that night, as mentioned, if I did not immediately obey her. Later, when they covered our own well and built over it, they kept a crawl space and would tell me that they could keep me down there and people would never hear me or know I was there.

There was a little girl who had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead,  
And when she was good, she was very, very good,  
And when she was bad, she was horrid! We were made to act “sexy” and  
“sweet” for the “good” part and  
then switch immediately and glare  
or act possessed/ “crazed”/  
enraged. This was done a lot in  
front of mirrors.

**Jack Be Nimble**      Jump over **Redacted**’s “candle” (erect penis) after he would  
pull down his pants. We were forced to first “make” the  
“candle” by sucking on his penis until it was erect. After  
the “game,” we had to finish licking his penis until he  
ejaculated and then drink his semen – which **Redacted**  
would say was “wax” that she didn’t want to get on the  
floor, bed, etc. so we had to hurry and “clean it up.” In  
mixed company (not all CS members) we would do it  
over a real candlestick or substitute object, or  
sometimes **Redacted**’s lower legs or foot (when he was  
fully clothed).

**Jump the Nut**      Jump over **Redacted**’s “nuts” (testicles) – with his pants  
pulled down. Same ending sequence as “Jack Be  
Nimble.” They loved this “game” because they would  
have me play it in mixed company with a real nut on the  
ground and tell people I had made it up. People would  
always laugh and tell me what a great game it was and  
**Redacted** would make me say “thank you.”

**Little Boy Blue**      Oral sex with **Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted** (Richard) or other  
men (“horn” = penis)

**Little Jack Horner** We had to say either “Jack” or “Jane Horner” and “...What  
a good boy” or “girl am I!” depending on if they were having us act like boys  
or girls. We were made to put our thumb in our own or someone else’s  
vagina or anus and then pull it out and put it in our mouths. I was made to  
“play” this often with **Redacted** and both **Redacted** (and sometimes with  
others present). They would cheer, laugh, and clap for us at the end. In the  
Church (CS), elders really emphasize the concept to children of being “good”  
and trusting in (submitting to) your elders to do things “for your own good.”  
In CS doctrine, rape, violence, even murder is regularly done

with the excuse that it is "for your/their own good."  
They used poems, stories, and songs that reinforced those ideas.

Ring Around the Rosey      Rub around Redacted's (Rosie's) vagina or anus in a circle with our finger. Redacted would usually "get a turn, too" (meaning we had to do it to his anus or around his penis). Then we were told to fall down at the end and pretend we were really tired.

Trot, trot to market      Redacted made me sit on his foot and he would drop his foot down at the end so I slid a little and then he would wiggle his toes in my vagina or anus. He would also make me sit on his thigh (and bounce or stay still) with his hand placed between my thighs and rub his thumb or finger close to or on my vagina.

Redacted, You are #1      This song was from a tape Nola and Clyde Sullivan sent to me when I was little. My Redacted would sing it to make Redacted jealous.

"Now I lay me down to sleep" Prayer      We had to chant this full prayer to Lucifer as "the Lord."

She died, she did, she died of a broken rib  
She didn't die from being shy  
She died, she did of a broken rib  
She died, she did, she died, she did. (Song) Threat used on me because I was often "too shy," in their opinion. I was told I wouldn't die from being *shy*, but I would from the torture they would inflict on me if I did not act the way they wanted. They would sing it while they beat, whipped, kicked or tortured me. Other times they just sang it aloud while lunging at me or pretending like they were about to hurt me if I was "misbehaving" or just in our daily life to threaten me. I never knew how far they

were going to take it. This song was used by my Hamblin relatives frequently.

**Redacted** would read or recite from memory the book "Little Black Sambo" about an African boy that is chased by a tiger. She would have us run around her as if she were the tree from the story. Then she would "eat" us (perform oral sex on us and make us do it to her) and say we tasted like "sweet cream butter" (the tiger turns to butter and Sambo eats him). She had the storybook and **Redacted** kept one at our home. If **Redacted** or **Redacted** were present they would participate. In Spring City, **Redacted** bought cats for each of us. They got a black one for me and **Redacted** told me that his name was "Sambo."

**Redacted** and **Redacted** also read us Grimm's Fairy Tales, Hans Christen Anderson stories, and other fairy tales and had us act them out with sexual content. One day (1990-1991) we went over to **Redacted**' old condo for dinner. Afterward, **Redacted** dressed **Redacted** like a little Dutch boy and they made her reenact the story where he sticks his finger into the "dike" to stop the water. They made her put her finger in **Redacted** and **Redacted** (one at a time, then both at once). She had to sing "I am a pretty little Dutch boy" (instead of "girl") and the adults laughed until they cried. Then they made **Redacted** and I give oral sex to **Redacted** and grandpa and then help **Redacted** with oral sex on **Redacted** and **Redacted**. Then we had a CS doctrine **Redacted** led by **Redacted**. They also had us be "princesses" a lot. **Redacted** was usually "Prince Charming" and they often themed the "pretend" like we fought over him to marry or were all polygamist princess wives. They would tell us our princess names. **Redacted** was always Cinderella. Or **Redacted** would use his friends and we would all have our own Prince Charmings, or more than one Prince Charming each. When we lived in NY (1986-1989), "Uncle Greg," Uncle Craig, and many other men who were friends of **Redacted** would pretend to be Prince Charmings and "fight" over me and/or **Redacted** and then make us give them oral sex or rape us.

**Redacted** (and **Redacted**) frequently read from Christopher Robin's Treasury of Poems. At **Redacted**'s old house in Provo (1985-1988), she (sometimes with **Redacted** or **Redacted** would take me alone) would take me to the basement stairs and recite "Halfway up the stairs is a stair where I sit..." and so on. She would recline on the stairs and I had to sit below her and give her oral sex. She would do it (without the sexual action) on our front and backyard stairs in New York. She said the copy of the Christopher Robin's Treasury of Poems had been hers as a child and she often told us she had played the same "games" (did sexual acts) with her **Redacted**.



**Redacted** (and **Redacted**) also loved to read us Beatrix Potter stories at the beginning of our “cat naps.” She would often start speaking in her animal voices (especially cats or rabbits) and that would continue through the “nap.” She would make up scenarios from the stories that we had to act out sexually with her – for example, once in Provo (1990) she made **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and I be the “obedient” sisters of Peter Rabbit (Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cottontail) and “eat” the milk and blackberries (her vagina) that Peter’s mother had made for supper. Another time in Provo, (1990-1991) she made **Redacted** be the little girl from “Mrs. Tiggy Winkle” and “cuddle” with the hedgehog (her vagina). She had done that same one with me and with **Redacted** in New York (1985-1986). She and **Redacted** (and sometimes **Redacted** would join in) rolled us in blankets and hit us with rolling pins (over many visits to Provo - 1984-1988) and also put the handles in our vaginas (not part of the story) while they acted like the rats in the story about the kitten (“Tabitha Twitchet’s” son) that gets caught by the rats. One of the CS names I was called was “Tabitha,” mainly for this Beatrix Potter character.

We also had a Nursery Rhyme Collection (book) that **Redacted** and **Redacted** would read from. As with the other books and poems, they would make up scenarios to act out for the rhymes. For a period of time in New York (1985-1986), **Redacted** and **Redacted** would recite “There was an old woman who lived in a shoe” regularly at bedtime (as a “bedtime ritual”) and whipped and spanked me and “sent [me] to bed” – their bed, where I was made to give them both oral sex and then could go to my own bed. **Redacted** had her own poems and songs she used with us when she visited us or when we stayed with her over the summer or holidays. When we lived apart, she would send us the poems or songs written out, send letters that mentioned specific poems or songs, or send a related picture, clipping, or present to threaten us. Sometimes she wrote her own poems. **Redacted** often sent us coins or \$2 bills in the mail along with these poems, songs and other messages.

When we were very young (I saw this with all **Redacted** and was told by **Redacted** that they had done it with me), they read “Pat the Bunny” and had us touch different private parts of their bodies that were “rough, soft, scratchy,” etc. As we got a little older (3 and 4), they would give us Pez or other candy if we found a part on them that was like the texture in the book (they would direct our hands to their genital area).

If we were learning songs for an elementary school program or the LDS Primary program, **Redacted** would make us “practice” singing them while we did sexual acts on them or each other, were raped and/or

tortured by them.

**Redacted** would give us a mirror or sit us on the bathroom counter and play the “game” of making “naughty” and scary faces. She would make a big scene of laughing and clapping and give us a lot of praise when we did what she wanted.

Date: **Redacted**

Time: Daytime

Location: NY Apartment, Portchester, NY

One day (I was in **Redacted** at the time) **Redacted** put me on the counter in the bathroom and told me to copy her faces. She said she was teaching me how to look at boys, like “**Redacted**.” She made me make some “snooty” faces and then slowly smile. She had me do it over and over again and also had me turn and do it looking over my shoulder. She gave me Pez and clapped for me. **Redacted** came in and they took me to their room and made me lick their genitals and make my “sexy” looks. He gave me some coins and gum from the top of his dresser.

**Frequency:** These activities were done almost daily when we were young, sometimes multiple times a day. **Redacted** would have us look out of the corners of our eyes with a smile, frown, or deadpan look often with our head tilted to the side or down. She would have us copy her “seductive” expressions. She taught us to wiggle our eyebrows in a sexually suggestive way or a skeptical way. She would have us try to roll our eyes backwards or make “crazy” faces. She would encourage us to distort our faces, look terrified, look angry, bare our teeth and make menacing or animal-like sounds. She would have us talk in deep or growl-y “scary” voices. She would have us pretend to be kittens and “talk” with kitten voices in front of the mirror and critique us (She did this with other animals, too). **Redacted** would teach us to roll our tongues and he and **Redacted** would laugh and tell us our mouths looked like vaginas. Sometimes we did them without a mirror, just facing **Redacted** or **Redacted**.

They played many variations of “the scaring game” with us and had us play it with our sisters, cousins, and friends (who were usually other children of CS members). In this “game” the main person goes back and forth between being the “mean one” and the “nice one.” As soon as you scare someone enough to make them terrified or cry, you switch and become their protector. As soon as they stop crying and trust you, you switch and become their predator. Both **Redacted** loved to play this “game” with us.

Date: 1985 - 1987

Time: Nighttime

Location: Susan Christensen's NY Apartment

One night Redacted Suki (Susan) was watching Redacted and me in their apartment. They had a room that had boxes all over the floor. Suki told me to take Redacted into the room and play "the scaring game." I said I didn't want to and she smacked me hard across my face. I started crying and she raised her hand again and made me apologize to her. She put Redacted and me in the room then shut the door. I could see the shadow of her foot under the door and was afraid to disobey her. I smiled and talking kindly to Redacted and reached out to hug her. As soon as she came up to me, I changed my whole demeanor and growled and lunged at her. She was immediately frightened and started to cry. I quickly went to her and gave her a hug and told her not to worry. Then the whole thing repeated over and over until she had been backed up, literally, into the corner. I looked over my shoulder and saw Susan looking through the door. She smiled and nodded to me, implying I had done a good job. Then she walked in and calmly asked Redacted what was wrong. Then we all walked out together.

**Frequency:** This "game" was done so many times a day, in short or long bursts, and with so many variations that I do not know how to quantify it. It was done in our home and in Redacted, relatives, and friends' homes (CS). It was often done multiple times a day between parents and siblings. Redacted and Redacted loved to be "kind" to us one second and then completely "turn" and be enraged or cruel the next second. For example, they would smile and promise us something (like being able to go to a friend's house) as long as we did "x" and then later become enraged, violent, and punishing after we finished "x" and tried to collect on their promise. There were many, many more variations. When we stayed or played at Wildwood, or attended other family get-togethers, CS events, camping trips, and other gatherings, it happened even more often with so many like-minded adults present. Certain relatives (Gerrit, Nathan, Steve, Carol, Craig, Jeannie, Suki, and others) played this game a lot with me.

Another time, when we stayed at Redacted Suki's apartment for babysitting (1985-1987), she told me to give her oral sex. Redacted and Redacted had warned me to be obedient to whatever Redacted Suki told me to do, but I still resisted. She was furious and left the room and came back with scissors. She held them against my throat and told me to open my mouth and stick out my tongue. She grabbed the end of my tongue and acted like she was going to first cut it off and then split it in the middle like a snake. She told me to never disobey her again.

I have seen she and my Redacted Craig hit, spank, smack and belittle their children, and pour Tabasco sauce in their mouths or food (and make them eat it).

With just Redacted and Redacted and especially at parties and/or when their siblings or parents or other relatives were over, we would be ordered to go around and collect money from them. These parties would regularly conclude with some kind of

ceremony. This particular practice continued through our teen years. The understanding was that we would have to “perform” (a sexual performance of some kind) immediately following or at a later time for one, some, or all of them (depending on the mix of people). Once the coins and sometimes bills were collected they encouraged us to count it and said how rich we were. They would usually let us keep it long enough to become attached to it or sometimes to have spent it before “collecting” our “duties” from us.

Date: 1988

Time: Evening

Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

**Note:** See “Tabitha” under Ceremonies and Therapy, as well as in many specific experiences throughout this document.

**Redacted** had a party in our apartment for their CS friends (some of which were our LDS ward members, too). The Christensen’s and the Kelly’s were there and others. One of their CS/LDS friends was a man who wore round-neck sweaters a lot and looked like Mr. Rogers (after we moved away to Utah, **Redacted** would get his picture out sometimes to show me). A lot of adults were packed into our living room. In the kitchen **Redacted** gave me a basket with a red and white dishcloth inside to collect the money with. I was feeling scared and said I didn’t want to do it. She took the phone off the wall and said she was going to call the landlord (“The Punisher”) to take me down to the basement. I cried and begged her to hang up the phone. I walked to the door of the living room and **Redacted** pretended to be surprised and excited and called out something like, “Tabitha, you’re here!!” He looked around in mock disbelief like I had been really sneaky to appear at the door. People cheered for me. Then I walked around the room with my hand on my hip (as **Redacted** taught me) and collected money. People called me “Tabitha” and many said how good it was to see me again. Others laughed and gave me compliments. When I had gone all the way around, **Redacted** asked if I was going to spend my money on “treeeeeeeeats???” They made me dance while they sang a chant. I danced around as seductively as I could and took off my clothes and threw them onto the people around me, as **Redacted** had taught me. People laughed and cat called. Then **Redacted** chose some people from the crowd that he made me give oral sex to, including his close friend Greg (**Redacted** made us call him “Uncle Greg,” though he was not related to us) who had given me “The Rocket Book” and at another time, a little fabric doll with blue hair from a gift shop. When it was time to give my “Uncle Greg” oral sex, he picked me up and held me upside down and rubbed his face on my vagina. **Redacted** made me bow when I had finished giving oral sex to “Uncle Greg” and people stood up and clapped. I was told to pick up my clothes and go get cleaned up. They started a ceremony and I hid in my room until it was over.

**Frequency:** At parties (pre-ceremony) we were often made to collect money and

then “repay” the adults, usually while people were eating, drinking, and conversing. Sometimes we had to perform sexual acts right there and sometimes **Redacted** instructed us to lead the guests to another prepared room. **Redacted** had us do this in other people’s houses.

When it was done with just **Redacted** (when I was a young child – and when I saw them do it with **Redacted**), they would put the money in my hand and then pretend to think hard about what they wanted me to do. When one decided (sexual or violent act), the other parent would clap and say what a good idea it was. I would hold the coins while they thought and would have to give them back if I wouldn’t do it.

One summer in Spring City, before it was remodeled, **Redacted** bought tons of full-sized chocolate and other candy bars and had a candy “store” out of a large basket. This was very unusual behavior from her. (In our daily life, she very much restricted sugar and so getting a “treat” – even if we had to buy it - was very special.) She told us the minute we “earned” any money and wanted to spend it, day or night, she would open the candy store.

I have been given many red and white dishcloths by both **Redacted** and **Redacted**. Once in Spring City (when I was a **Redacted**) **Redacted** gave us all dishcloths as a Christmas present.

CS members would also choose certain animals to use in a calculated and consistent effort to terrorize children. Starting when very young, they pick one or a few animals to concentrate on. They would play act the part of the animal and chase us around, sometimes as “fun” and sometimes to attack, abuse, and/or torture us once we were caught. They showed us photos, pictures, movies (documentaries, cartoons, dramas, scary movies), and included the animal in conversations often. I remember many photos of people who had been mangled, eaten (they said), and torn apart and I would be told it had been done by a certain animal. They told us scary stories about encounters they or others had with the animal. They consistently teased us for being afraid. They spoke to friends and family in our presence, told them we were afraid of the animal, and everyone laughed and teased us about it (this practice continued into adulthood). We were taken to natural history museums, zoos, and other places where we would see these life-sized animals. We were given toys, stuffed animals, books, jewelry, clothing, and/or trinkets with the particular animal theme. They would buy a toy animal and hide it in places that would surprise and scare us (in clothes drawer, under pillow or in bed, in bathroom cupboards, in the kitchen, etc.). I remember one time (**Redacted**) when I threw up when my family teased me about the animal.

**Redacted** chose the shark for one of my (and **Redacted**) animals. Alone and especially when other people or **Redacted** were present, **Redacted** and our **Redacted** Steve would chase us around on land and in the pool with their hands in a “V” on their head. One summer they used a plastic fin that could be attached to someone’s back.

**Redacted** and Steve would swim under us and grab our genitals with their hands like they were biting us there. Or they would grab us and stick their finger in our vagina and wiggle it, or give us a “fishy” under the water. They would sometimes bite our legs or arms as we were swimming. They loved to grab our legs and pull us under while we were trying to get away (and when we were still learning to swim well). Sometimes they held us under (just by our feet) for a long time as we struggled and fought. We would come up choking and coughing and they would laugh and laugh.

The very worst for me was when they would take me to an empty pool (at a CS member’s home) during the day or night and make me swim by myself. They told me I needed to practice swimming and I would usually stay on the “shallow” end. They would just throw me in if I refused to get in and then they would run to wherever I swam and, laughing, kick me off the edge with their foot.

Date: 1984  
Time: Evening  
Location: Tucson, AZ

One evening we went to a house with a pool. I think the Bushman’s were there. **Redacted** sat around talking with their friends. I ate some chips and then **Redacted** and **Redacted** put me in my swimming suit and told me to get in the pool. They sat on chairs around the pool talking. All of a sudden **Redacted** jumped to his feet and said in a worried voice that he saw a shark. His friend started saying it, too. **Redacted** was holding her face and saying things like “Oh no!” Everyone was pointing and walking or running around the pool. I believed them and started sobbing and trying to swim away from where they were pointing - by doggie paddling or holding onto the edge of the pool. Everyone kept telling me to be quiet or the shark would hear me. **Redacted** had them turn the lights off so the shark couldn’t see me. This made the water look even more gray and scary. They were arguing about what I should do. I kept sobbing, choking and trying to swim around. Every time I got close to the steps they would say the shark was right there. **Redacted** and the other women “cried” for me and begged me to hurry and get to the other side. They finally let me swim to the side and **Redacted** grabbed me out of the water with a towel, and ran me inside. Then everyone came in and sat by me (I sat on **Redacted**’s lap) and talked about how scary it was. They gave me some ice cream. One of the men said that sharks can come through the drain.

**Frequency:** This happened often as a young child and especially in the summer months, both day and night. Night was scariest because of the dark water. They would also often do ceremonies or at least a prayer and an orgy afterward.

They put a large rubber great white shark in with our bath toys and “play” attacked us with it – on our body and genitals. They gave us real shark teeth necklaces, real shark jaws, books bought or rented from the library, pictures or posters. They would rent shark nature videos and show us scenes from Jaws and



other scary movies about sharks or deep water. They took us to aquariums and natural history museums to see live sharks or large displays. When we Redacted in Provo and later lived there, we were taken very often to The Bean Museum (sometimes ever once a week or two) to view “the shark wall” as they called it. The Bean Museum had a two-story wall on the stairway dedicated to all varieties of sharks (taxidermied). Redacted or Redacted took us there most often and would make us stand by the wall. If we tried to run away, we were told firmly to stay together. I would often climb the stairs at the farthest side away from the wall, as fast as I could, and without looking. Once upstairs, I would back away as far as or grandpa would let me and then open my eyes. They told us many true scary stories about sharks. They showed us news articles, especially if they involved children and sharks. Redacted talked about them frequently and used to tell us often that she wanted to die by exploding in an airplane above the water and having the chunks of her flesh eaten by sharks. When we were tiny, they told us often that sharks could come up through the drain in the tub (they also told us many stories of snakes and other things coming up through the toilet).

Other animals used often for Redacted were bees (for Redacted) and sloths (Redacted).

Another “game” variety our elders loved was to play “opposites”– and they made countless varieties of it. For example, once we learned the real names of objects, people, animals, genders, colors, etc., they would purposefully ask us a question and then tell us the opposite answer was correct. I remember the feelings and saw Redacted experience this often and how upset and adamant they would be that they were correct. If you gave the “wrong” answer (actually the right answer) you would be tortured and abused, often violently and immediately. They also did it often with our own names (for example, Redacted would say she was named “Redacted” and I was named “Redacted,” or that I was the Redacted and she was the daughter, or that I was really a boy named “Isaac”). Sometimes they told you your name was the name of an inanimate object or an animal and vice versa. They wouldn’t back down until you accepted it. (See experiences #\_\_\_ and #\_\_\_)

**Frequency:** Daily in some form. “Played” with Redacted, Redacted, relatives, family friends, and other CS members. In public, they would tease (often harshly) instead of torture. Redacted also used these techniques in his therapy practice.

They used different types of insects to torture us. They would usually tie us down and then cover our face and/or bodies with honey or honey water. Sometimes they poured a jar of insects on us and sometimes they let them fly to or crawl on us naturally. It was especially terrifying as small children.

Date: 1987-1988

Time: Nighttime

Location: NY Apartment, Portchester

One night **Redacted** woke us up and took us down to the basement naked, wrapped in towels. The Punisher was there. **Redacted** and **Redacted** said that we had been very bad lately and it was their duty to help us be obedient and good. **Redacted** and I had to say thank you to The Punisher for what he was about to do.

They put me on the table and tied me down. The Punisher smeared honey on my face and then poured a jar of ants on my face. I started sobbing, trying to keep my mouth closed. **Redacted** were crying, too. **Redacted** and **Redacted** said we needed to always "choose the right." The Punisher groped my body and put fingers in my vagina. He said that if I kept being a trouble maker instead of a "Peacemaker" he would cover my whole body with spiders and leave me down there for days. He asked me if I remembered my covenants and I nodded yes. He untied me and they wiped my face. The Punisher put honey & ants on **Redacted's** stomach and then on **Redacted's** arm. He repeated the threats about the spiders and leaving us alone in "the dungeon." They said the walls were very thick and no one would ever hear us. When it was done we had to suck on The Punisher's penis and swallow his semen. **Redacted** made us stand in the shower to clean off. We watched ants go down the drain and all cried. **Redacted** slapped me on the back for crying and not being a "good example" to **Redacted**.

**Frequency:** This type of punishment was given to **Redacted** and I for many years. They would also threaten us using photos of children with insects all over them or being terrorized with insects. They used flies, "Allred" bugs (in Spring City - named by **Redacted** because the Allred's were "the" family in Spring City - lots of them and powerful), spiders and bees a lot to threaten us.

Date: 1988-1989

Time: Daytime

Location: Spring City House

Another time in Spring City in the summer I was punished after one of my "confessions" with **Redacted** (See page \_\_\_\_). He and Joe Bennion (The Punisher) took me out to the barn. They gagged me and pushed me down on my back in the dirt and hay. They told me not to dare move a muscle. **Redacted** held a knife under my throat while Joe smeared honey over my face. It got in my eyes, nose, and mouth. He put some on my ears, too. It was very hot and there were lots of flies around our property. I was told that they would cut my bowels open if I dared to scream. Then they backed away and let flies land on me. I just sobbed and tried to breathe through the honey dripping into my nose. I thought I was going to suffocate. Flies were landing on my lips and buzzing in my ears. I heard Joe and **Redacted** laughing on and off and talking. Finally they asked if I had had enough. I nodded yes. Joe made

me say, "Please, Uncle Joe!" Then they wiped my face off with a cloth. **Redacted** told me to go out and wash my face in the pump and come back. When I came back they had their pants down. I was made to kneel and beg their forgiveness. As penance, they made me give them oral sex. They made me swallow their semen and say thank you before they let me go. Joe asked me if I had "seen a wolf." (He and **Redacted** would make that joke if you looked disheveled and/or terrified.)

They showed us photographs and printed pictures of horrific images. Some of these included: child pornography, children covered with bugs, children crying and being tortured, bound, and/or gagged, people with their heads cut off, people or animals disemboweled, people or animals with their throats slit, people with their organs cut out of them and displayed next to them, people "quartered," animals being tortured, people skinned, unattached body parts, babies being mutilated, people defecating on other living or dead people, men urinating or ejaculating on children, animals eating dead people, animals licking or eating tortured but still living people, etc.

Date: Summer or Fall 1989-1990

Time: Afternoon

Location: G&G Old Condo, 2200 North, Provo

One afternoon, **Redacted** sent me down the street to **Redacted**'s house with a shirt that had a missing button to see if **Redacted** had one that matched. When I got there **Redacted** tried to kiss me on the lips but I ducked. He pulled mini Hershey's chocolate bars from his pocket and told me to eat them right away because it was so hot outside. They took me to the living room and sat me on the couch in the middle of them. **Redacted** gave **Redacted** a packet that said "Rosie" on it out of a big manila envelope. They said it was from **Redacted** Nathan. **Redacted** took a few of the pictures out. One was of me posing "seductively" in lingerie. My hair was curled and I had a "princess" hairdo (that's what **Redacted** called it) where the front was pulled back into a big bow with the rest down. Another picture was of **Redacted** and I dressed in lingerie giving **Redacted** oral sex (you could only see him waist down). He was naked and standing with his legs apart. **Redacted** was sitting at one of his feet with her body wrapped around his calf and looking up at him frowning. **Redacted** and **Redacted** laughed so hard at **Redacted** that **Redacted** got out his handkerchief and dried his eyes. Then they showed me a photo of a little girl (about 6 or 7 years old) hanging from the ceiling by a noose. Her eyes were open. She was naked and had a big gash across her lower stomach. Her guts were hanging out and blood was dripping down her legs. I lowered my head so they wouldn't see my face. **Redacted** asked if I was keeping my covenants. I said yes. They said this girl had been disobedient to her elders and this had been done for her own good. Then he offered me some chocolate ice cream, but I declined. He kept trying to "get [me] a little dish." **Redacted** rolled up the pictures inside a tablecloth and told me to run home and to

tell **Redacted** to call her when I got there. She told me I was the most delicious **Redacted** in the whole world. **Redacted** held my head and kissed me on the lips before I could get away. He told me he loved me. I ran home as fast as I could. **Redacted** made me tell her everything that had happened when I was there. After I gave my report she picked up the phone and called **Redacted**.

**Frequency:** These photos were used on their own as threats and also in some ceremonies. **Redacted** and **Redacted** would also sometimes put them in our clothes drawers and many other places throughout our house (often with a note) to scare us when and where we least expected it. We had been told many times to never dare destroy these pictures, but put them back on **Redacted**'s bed table if we ever "found" them. I was shown these types of photos at least weekly, but sometimes daily for a week or two if they were trying to really threaten me. This continued until I left the house, though as I grew older, the people in the pictures were often teenagers and adults (unless it was to threaten me about what they would do to **Redacted** or other children if I did not "cooperate"). As mentioned throughout this document, we were often given treats or gifts and told they were for "enduring" or "participating" in abuse or traumatic experiences. We were also given "treats" when we were "tested" or to reward certain behaviors. **Redacted** regularly gave them to us and they were usually some form of chocolate.

They used puppets, dolls, stuffed animals, or other toys to make up or reenact Church (CS), sexual, and/or violent experiences or "make believe" new ones. **Redacted** and **Redacted** used these "play times" to abuse us.

Date: 1985-1986

Time: Afternoon

Location: NY, Cornell Medical Center (?)

**Redacted** took me with his friend we called "Uncle Greg" downstairs in a building he said he "worked" in. It might have been on the Cornell Medical Center campus. It was very dark. We went down a hallway with rooms on either side. The rooms all had a glass wall on the side of the hallway so you could see inside. No one else was there. We went into one of the rooms where there were some plastic hand puppets that looked like people. He put a girl puppet on my hand and a boy puppet with brown hair on his hand. He introduced his puppet as "David" and called mine "Tabitha." I was shy and didn't want to play. He told me I needed to be "good" and then he would get me some ice cream. Then he said Tabitha was in love with David and she kept trying to get him to kiss her. David didn't like kissing, but Tabitha did. Uncle Greg laughed a lot. Then **Redacted** told me to make Tabitha hug his puppet and lick his penis (area). Then they told me to suck on their penises. They called me "Tabitha." They ejaculated and made me lick the semen. Some went on the floor and they rubbed it into the carpet with their shoes. They called me "Tabitha" at the

ice cream store. When we pulled into the driveway at home, **Redacted** told me that "Tabitha" had to hide now. He was smiling. Then he turned back to the front and took a knife out of his glove compartment. He got really angry and pointed the knife over my vagina. He told me that if I disobeyed him he would cut me from my vagina up to the top of my head and then he and **Redacted** would eat my heart.

**Frequency:** **Redacted** bought his own plastic therapy puppets and used them throughout our childhood. Sometimes they used our dolls and dollhouses. They also used them to "pretend" we (as dolls) were being hurt by Jesus, Heavenly Father, our Primary teachers, school teachers, and others.

When I was very young, in Tucson (1980-1984), they used a Raggedy Ann doll that they would make me act sexually with (rub my vagina on it, roll around, "hump," give pretend oral sex to, etc.). We did not take the doll with us to New York because it was too big (much larger than me). **Redacted** sewed me my "blankie" (which I used all my childhood and youth) with a raggedy ann print so I would always remember my doll, she said.

Other times they just played "pretend" and we had to act whatever part out they told us. Sometimes they sat back and directed us as an audience and more often they played parts themselves.

Date: Summer 1985-1987

Time: Evening

Location: **Redacted** Old House by the MTC, Provo, UT

Once they (**Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and **Redacted**) kept me up late and had me be "**Redacted**" and act out the story of "Thumbelina." (**Redacted** had a "Thumbelina" storybook that she would often read to me while she rubbed my vagina.) We were in their big living room with the blue carpet. **Redacted** pretended to be the "Fairy Prince" that "**Redacted**" marries. After the wedding between "**Redacted**" and the Fairy Prince, **Redacted** made me straddle him and pretend we were "having sex." He kept making jokes about his "wings" getting in the way. Everyone was laughing and telling me to suck on his penis. **Redacted** told me to be his "good little wifey," a name he used for me throughout my childhood and youth. They made me give him oral sex and swallow his semen. Then I had to do it to **Redacted** (who prayed with his hands on my head) and swallow his semen. When **Redacted** finished, **Redacted**, who was lying naked on the floor, told me to go put on my pajamas.

**Frequency:** They made me be "**Redacted**" (and perform sex acts) other times at **Redacted**'s house and also at home in New York. From my childhood to adulthood, **Redacted** and **Redacted** would talk about this time and other times they had me play "**Redacted**" and sing me the song "Thumbelina" from Danny Kaye's Hans Christian

Anderson movie (which **Redacted** later bought). Sometimes they sang "Thumbelina" and other times "**Redacted**."

Date: 1990

Time: Evening

Location: Provo House

**Redacted** took us into the living room after dinner and said we were going to play "fairies." **Redacted** told us to get a dress-up and she made us come to her so she could do our hair. **Redacted** said part of the game was that we couldn't wear underwear (this was a rule in a lot of the "games" **Redacted** played). **Redacted** said he was going to be the old Troll under the bridge. He said fairies were his "favorite treat." He pretended to be asleep and we had to fly (run) from one end of the room to the other and jump over his legs (the bridge). He would roar and lunge at us and try to grab us. If he caught us we had to grant him a wish. He caught us about half of the time and we had to grant his wishes, which was mostly sucking on his nipples or sucking on his penis (which he left out of his pants after the first time). Sometimes he caught us and licked our vaginas and talked about them as "treats." At the very end he caught me and raped me vaginally. Then he ordered us to go ask our **Redacted** what she wanted us to do. She was in her room and she made us give her oral sex and "nurse" her.

**Frequency:** Pretend/play acting with **Redacted** happened at least several times a week, sometimes daily. Once and a while they played with us for a few minutes without it turning sexual or violent. Most of the time, this "make believe" was woven into our very frequent family ceremonies/ orgies. A variation **Redacted** made of this same "game" was about a troll and "The Three Billy Goat's Gruff." Another variation **Redacted** liked was pretending he was a giant and reciting "Fee fi fo fum, I smell the blood of \_\_ (he would make up a name or title for us), be she alive or be she dead, I'll grind her bones to make my bread!"

Playing "fairies" was regularly used by them and encouraged by **Redacted** when we played on our own. They told us to act like them because they were graceful and sensual. Also, **Redacted** and grandma said we were "flower fairies" – "flower" meaning vagina. They said I was a Rose/Rosebud fairy, **Redacted** was a Pansy fairy ("pansy-face" they called her), and **Redacted** was a Tulip Fairy ("tulips/ two-lips" they called her). They gave us many books and gifts of "Flower Fairy" products by Cecil \_\_\_\_.

Growing up, we were also given many, many gifts of costumes, calendars, journals, accessories, jewelry, trinkets, cards, books, music, and more related to fairies.

We played "cherubs" and "angels" a lot, too. In these cases we were naked or wore **Redacted's** white and cream shawls. **Redacted** played "Heavenly Father," "Jesus Christ," and sometimes "the angel Moroni" or "Gabriel" and would make us pretend to fly around and then do sexual acts on him and on each other. **Redacted** liked to play "Heavenly Mother" or "Mary" (Jesus's mother), or "Mary Magdalene" (as a



seductress). The harp was involved in this when we started playing.

**Redacted** also liked to play like we were all a family of big cats. He said he was a lion (he often called himself “Aslan” from The Chronicles of Narnia) and, if **Redacted** was there, she was a lioness and we were cubs. Sometimes he had me play the lioness if **Redacted** was gone. They would also do this with black panthers/jaguars, as that was **Redacted**’s shape-shifting animal. Especially in New York and Provo they put on PBS “Nature” programs. The programs they chose were frequently about African animals and included lions very often. They would also rent them from the Provo and Orem libraries. Many times we watched these lion (or other big cat) specials as a family and then “acted out” the scenes, especially nursing and mating scenes. They also played like **Redacted** was a wild “Tom” cat and **Redacted** and we were house cats “in heat.” (They usually called me “Tabby Cat” or “Tabby Kitten” – a nickname of “Tabitha.”)

Sometimes they had us act out children’s and youth books (with their added sexual acts and plot twists), such as Swiss Family Robinson, J.R.R. Tolkein books, Chronicles of Narnia, Treasure Island, Jane Austen books, and others. Sometimes they would start out the “play time” reading from these books, make us do things to them as they read, and end in a family orgy that they directed.

**Redacted** also used scenes and storylines from movies he liked (Braveheart, The Man from Snowy River, Dances with Wolves, and many others) or that they had bought for us (Cinderella and other Disney and fairy tale films, Shirley Temple, Our Gang movies, etc.)

**COPIED FROM PG \_\_:** **Redacted** usually restricted TV during the day but we were sometimes allowed to watch videos. When we were very young and staying for the summer in Spring City, we did not have a TV. We would go across the street to the Bennion’s house and watch a VHS tape they had of Shirley Temple (their TV was only hooked up to VHS). It was the first time we had ever seen her. We watched again and again. Even as teenagers we would get it out and watch it several times a year. There were two films on it called “War Babies” (the one we watched the most) and “Kid ‘in’ Africa.” We learned to dance and act like Shirley Temple in “War Babies.” The adults would instruct us to reenact the highly sexual parts. **Redacted** started curling our hair in ringlets regularly and then started purchasing more Shirley Temple videos for us. **Redacted** was especially good at **Redacted**cking her. Another name they used for **Redacted** was Shirley Temple.

Christmas and Easter were other times (along with Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, equinoxes/solstices, Halloween, Thanksgiving, etc.) that were important and celebrated in different ways in their Church (CS). Christmas carols were sung and played during attacks of physical and sexual violence. In “mixed” company (CS and non-CS), Christmas Eve programs and Nativities were carefully constructed to be full of concealed threats. They would also hold their own CS parties in which they performed (and made us participate in) a different Nativity story and other

ceremonies. Before the festivities, **Redacted** would often have us go around and collect money from these people. If the company was mixed, the secret sexual acts “purchased in advance” would be collected later that night or soon thereafter. For both types of parties, we performed numbers that we had rehearsed at home during our “Family Nights.” Sometimes we did them with the sexual acts and sometimes we were told to leave them out (in mixed company). They also did a lot of torture and sexual abuse in association with Santa Claus (emphasizing the need to be “good”), “Father Christmas,” “Svarte Pete” (the black companion to Father Christmas in many European countries that whips and abuses “bad” children), and general Christmas presents. They would play “pretend” as these characters a lot.

Date: End of December 1989

Time: Evening

Location: G&G Old Condo, 2200 North, Provo

**Redacted** delayed my **Redacted**LDS baptism from **Redacted**, **Redacted**. **Redacted**, daughter of Dave and Deborah Sheets (**Redacted**’ close CS friends) was baptized at the same time.

Over the Christmas holiday, **Redacted** held a party at their old condo. Dave, Deborah, and **Redacted** came. **Redacted** and I were told by **Redacted** and **Redacted** we were the “stars of the show” – especially me, as this was a special night to prove my loyalty to Lucifer. Other people there were **Redacted** (Richard), **Redacted** (Carma), **Redacted** (**Redacted**, **Redacted**, and **Redacted**), Julie and Nelson Aidukatis, **Redacted** Nola and **Redacted** Clyde Sullivan, **Redacted** Nathan, **Redacted** Gerrit, **Redacted** Belle and **Redacted** Dean, and other friends of **Redacted** and **Redacted**. I think **Redacted** Suki and **Redacted** Craig came, but I’m not sure. **Redacted** \ had made a hors d’oeuvres buffet for everyone.

While people were arriving and eating, **Redacted** took us upstairs to change into costumes. **Redacted** welcomed everyone and introduced us as “The Three Graces.” **Redacted** made us go look down from the balcony over the living room and wave. **Redacted**, Nola, and Belle reminded everyone that they had been the “original Three Graces” and they posed and talked about how beautiful they had been. **Redacted** talked about me and that it was a special night for me having just been baptized. Everyone laughed and clapped. Then they started moving furniture and put down plastic on the floor of the living room.

**Redacted** had been making us rehearse the CS Nativity at home and they threatened us that if we didn’t perform the way they wanted us to they would put the dead baby in my bed and call the police. I was “Mary” and wore a blue dress (too big for me) and scarf over my head. **Redacted** was to be the main angel and **Redacted** was a helper angel. They started the nativity and **Redacted** Dean read the story (sounds scriptural but is not in Christian scriptures). I first had to be raped (“overshadowed”) by “God” (**Redacted** Clyde). I was also beaten by “Joseph” (**Redacted**) for getting pregnant out of wedlock. Then I had to go back by the stairs and **Redacted** made me hold my dress up to put the baby underneath. It was an infant boy and he

must have been drugged because he didn't cry and was pretty limp. I held him under my dress and tried to be very careful with him. They made me sit on Redacted's back and then he started crawling on the carpet into the living room. Redacted walked by us. Redacted helped me "give birth" and Redacted pretended to be shocked, as Redacted had taught her to do, and everyone laughed. They made me put the baby in a cardboard box with a towel on the bottom. Then Redacted and grandma danced over wearing pillows on their heads. It was supposed to be a big joke and they gave presents to the baby. Then Redacted Nathan and Gerrit walked in as Roman soldiers and they announced the "Christ Feast!" (all the elders cheered). Redacted Nathan raped me and they cut open the baby with their swords.

Then Redacted and Redacted came back (with the pillows on their heads) with a blue and white china platter and silver spoons. They made me sit down and hold the platter on my lap. They lifted the baby out of the box and onto the platter and handed me a silver spoon. Redacted ordered me to "spoon out the eyes" and they made me eat the eyeballs.

**Frequency:** Most of the time, this "Nativity" was acted out with our baby dolls (naked "q-pee" dolls, Redacted's "Baby Cinderella," and other dolls), but on very "special occasions" they got a real baby. They got these babies from the polygamist communities and other places. When Redacted and I were little, Redacted (and grandma) would make us act out the CS story with her Nativity sets.

Redacted has given me many blue and white china platters and silver spoons as gifts over the years. Redacted (especially Redacted), Redacted, Redacted Suki, and other Redacted would also remind me about this night and talk about eating the eyeballs and how close they are to "peeled grapes." To threaten me, they would talk at length in public about how "peeled grapes" are such delicacies and how they wished they had some right then, etc.

They would also read us scriptures and "explain" them to us.

Date: Redacted years old

Time: Mid-day

Location: Master bedroom, NY Apt: 77 Touraine Ave., Portchester, NY

Redacted got out the Book of Mormon and took me to her room. We sat on her bed and she started reading about how Nephi loved his parents. She stood up and read the line about Lehi casting himself upon his bed. She threw herself backwards on the bed, bouncing a little and laughing. She told me to do it and we kept doing it over and over. Then she made me take off my clothes and do it. She started rubbing my vagina and anus and singing "I Am a Child of God" (the LDS Primary song). She made me nurse her and milk came out and she said to drink it. Then she told me to eat her "tuna" (vagina) like a little kitten. I didn't want to and pulled away. She got angry and told me that Heavenly Father hated me and thought I was gross and ugly

and that Lucifer would hate me too if I wasn't obedient. I started crying and she spanked me and covered my mouth so I wouldn't wake up Redacted. Then she made me stand in the cold shower for a long time.

**Frequency:** Rosie was a stay-at-home Redacted and events like this (especially "cat naps") happened nearly every day, and sometimes multiple times a day.

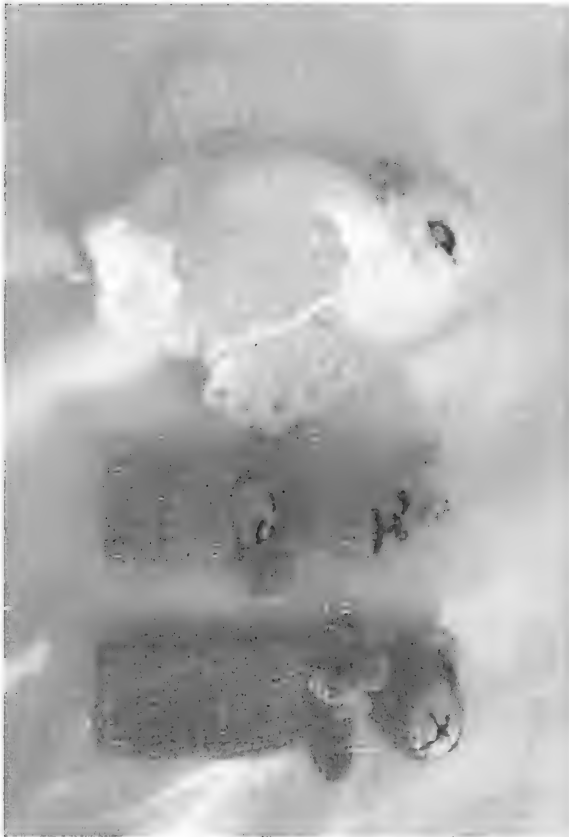
Date: Redacted years old

Time: Mid-day

Location: Master bedroom, New York apartment

Redacted brought Redacted and I onto her bed and told us that we were going to play with puppets. She got out finger and hand puppets. We were naked but Redacted wore a diaper. She sang "Where is Thumbkin?", "Do As I'm Doing," and other songs and I copied her actions. She clapped and got excited when I copied her correctly. Then she started rubbing my vagina and singing and told me to copy her and do it on her. She told Redacted to "nurse." Then she told me to put my fingers in her vagina and she used the names of the fingers from the "Where is Thumbkin?" song. Then she got really mad because I messed up and spanked me a lot over her lap. She told me to take Redacted and "get out!"

**Frequency:** Redacted would add these toys and activities to the "cat naps" she made us take with her. Redacted used finger and hand puppets and other toys with us often as kids to increase our coordination and dexterity, as she explained to me when I got older. I watched her use them with Redacted and when my first daughter was born, one of the gifts she gave her was a set of finger puppets (I have NEVER left my daughter with Redacted for any amount of time). Redacted would then bring these puppets and toys to church as a "quiet activity" in Sacrament Meeting – reinforcing that these were "good" and fun activities .



3 of a larger set of finger puppets **Redacted** gave to my baby, **Redacted**

**Redacted** gave us toys in the bath that they used in their abuse. We always had a rubber great white shark that they would have “bite” us, usually on our vagina. **Redacted** also kept a turkey baster in our bathtub toys. We were supposed to play with it and “clean” ourselves inside our vaginas, like a vaginal enema. They would make us do it on each other, too. They also pushed it into our vaginas and anuses saying it would make them bigger. **Redacted** also gave me a windup penguin. When wound up it would kick its legs and swim around. **Redacted** used it like a mini vibrator and would push it inside my vagina or hold it on top.



**Redacted** and **Redacted** trained us to masturbate in the bath and made us touch the private parts of our siblings and cousins.

Date: 1984

Time: Unknown

Location: Tucson Apartment, AZ

**Redacted** and **Redacted** Carol put me in the bathtub with **Redacted**. **Redacted** was there, too. **Redacted** and I were about the same age. I asked **Redacted** for toys and she touched **Redacted**'s penis and told me that was my "toy." Then she touched my vagina and told **Redacted** that was his "toy." The adults laughed and made us touch each other's genitals with our hands and then hug each other with our bodies (making his penis touch me).

**Frequency:** **Redacted** and **Redacted** Carol would remind **Redacted** and me, through our childhood and teenage years, that we had taken many baths together "Naked!" when we were little. They laughed and made sexual jokes about it. **Redacted** joined in, too. They also liked to use the phrase "Kissing **Redacted**" a lot.

As we became teenagers, **Redacted** bought bath "pillows" that could suction cup to the tub and bath accessories and wanted us to take lots of long baths. We were often alone for these and she would come into our bathroom (pick the lock with a bobby pin if we locked it or make us come and open the door) and make us give her oral sex, usually while she braced herself over the tub.

**Redacted** also used our toys in their torture of us.

Date: 1985-1986

Time: Nighttime  
Location: NY Apartment

**Redacted** said we were going to play with my “Jack in the Box” toy. I started crying because this “game” was always so scary. **Redacted** put some of her makeup and hats on she and **Redacted** that made them look like clowns. She also took off my clothes. They made me turn the handle and when “Jack” popped out they would do different things such as: **Redacted** would hold me upside down by my feet and **Redacted** would spank with her hand, a wooden spoon, or whip me with **Redacted**’s belt; they would immediately jump at me and beat the back of my head, back, and bottom; they would put their hands around my neck, cover my mouth and nose, or put a pillow over my face; lay on top of me so I couldn’t breathe; and more.

**Frequency:** **Redacted** played this and other torture “games” with me like this for **Redacted**, before their **Redacted** ceremonies and orgies, and with their CS adult friends when I was very young. **Redacted** made me save certain toys in the “Keepsakes” boxes she assembled for me. When I got married and was preparing to leave home, she made me take my old Jack in the Box toy and other toys and told me to pack them away and keep them. I hated the Jack in the Box so much but was afraid to get rid of it so I just took the stickers off and kept them and destroyed the toy. Some of my other toys they used for torture purposes, **Redacted** said she was keeping for her grandchildren.



At times **Redacted** and other elders also ordered us to act violently with our toys.

Date: 1987-1989



Time: Daytime

Location: Redacted House, Provo (by MTC)

Once when we visited Redacted's house, I was playing with my Corolle baby doll and Redacted started playing "pretend" with me. We were sitting on the long couch in the living room. He said the doll had not been "choosing the right." He took off one of his shoelaces and tied the dolls arms and legs to its body. Then he went to the kitchen and got some of Redacted's kitchen tools. He made me hit the doll all over and push the handle of a wooden spoon into (the area of) her vagina. He pretended to be talking for the baby and saying sorry and thank you. Then he tied the shoelace around the baby's neck and held her in the air. I asked him for my baby back and he said I could have her if I was a good girl. Then he made me give him oral sex.

**Frequency:** They also had us act violently with them, with each other, to ourselves, etc. Redacted would have me punch, hit, kick him, jump on him, pull his hair, yell or scream in his face. Redacted would also have us try to "scare" them by acting like we were going to hurt them. They would act really afraid and then laugh and clap. They would also have me hurt myself - hit myself with objects, bite my arms and legs, hit hard objects so I hurt my hands or shoulders, etc. Sometimes we were made to do this self-injury with Joe Bennion and our NY Landlord, both "Punishers," and in "confessions" with Redacted and other Elders.

As previously mentioned, Redacted used many key words, images, and objects in connection with traumatic events and experiences. These things were used frequently in abuse and in daily life to threaten and silence us. They are still using these things today. Some were used privately (only with Redacted or other CS members). For example, they called me "The Big Nipper" because of my anatomy as a teenager (full breasts). They called Redacted "The Non-nipper" to make her feel bad and insecure. They called Redacted and then Redacted "The Little Nippers." They also had some names they would use in public. In this way they could also talk about something that would threaten or scare us in front of other people, without being suspected. Some examples are:

**CATS/KITTENS:** Redacted and Redacted and others also used the phrase "cat naps." Redacted, Redacted, Redacted Nola, and Belle and many others who knew about and/or participated in the "cat" training we were given would give us cat themed gifts. We received countless cards, books, "Hello Kitty" stationary, stickers, toys, and school supplies, stuffed animal cats, clothing with cats on them, etc. Redacted and Redacted gave us many, many real cats over our childhood and youth. We were made to study the behavior of our cats closely in order to Redactedc them. Redacted and grandparents would talk in "cat voices" when they abused us in this theme. Redacted and many others

often called me "Tabitha," mainly after the Beatrix Potter cat character. As a nickname to Tabitha, they would call me "Tabby Kitten" or "Tabby Cat," because, they said, of the color of my head and pubic hair. They also called me "Hello Kitty."

\*I grew to hate "Hello Kitty," and said I didn't like it to **Redacted**, but they and others still gave me many gifts of this brand. When I told **Redacted** that I was not "Hello Kitty" but the rabbit friend of hers, they started calling me "**Redacted** Rabbit" and buying all sorts of "Hello Kitty" rabbit gifts and general rabbit gifts.

TUNA: Similar to and in conjunction with "Cats/Kittens." **Redacted** called our vaginas "tuna" (hers, too). She liked to talk about "eating tuna" in public conversation. It had to do with her extensive oral sex training of us where we were supposed to act like cats. **Redacted** loved doing sexual things with our cats. One of the things she would do was to put actual tuna on her and/or our vaginas and make us (often along with the cats) eat it off. She would often serve us tuna fish sandwiches as a threat. Grandma also participated in all of these things.

ROSEBUD/ROSE/ FLOWER: **Redacted**, and **Redacted**, called me her "Rosebud" or "Rose." She, **Redacted**, and others used these names for my vagina specifically. In the same way, **Redacted's** vagina was called "pansy-face" and **Redacted** was "tulips" because, they often said, she was "a pretty little Dutch girl" ("two lips," they said, referring to the anatomy of the vagina). They and many others called our vaginas "flowers."

TREASURE: **Redacted** used the name "Tabitha" for me when they wanted me to be sexually uninhibited and obedient to them and others. When **Redacted** (and **Redacted**) wanted to praise me as "Tabitha", she would call me her "treasure." Especially as I got older, if I didn't "mess up" giving her oral sex she would often tell me how talented I was and that I was her "treasure."

TREAT(S): "Treat" or "treats" were words **Redacted** used as code for sexual acts or as a name for genitalia (such as **Redacted** saying, "Who wants some treats?", "I want some treats," "I want some of your treats," "I'm going to steal your treats," "Give your **Redacted/Redacted** a treat"). When **Redacted** and **Redacted** said, "I'm going to give you a treat" or "We're going to have treats" that could mean sexual acts only, something sweet to eat and sexual acts, or sometimes just something sweet to eat. The word "sweet" and "sweets" was also used this way. **Redacted** would also call his penis a "Toblerone bar" and **Redacted** always gave them to us for special occasions. **Redacted** really limited sweets in our daily life, but would give them out as gifts or use them in **Redacted** orgies. For example, I was given a lot of ice cream, chocolate (German Lindt bars with

Snow White on the package), gummies, and other candy the few days following an abortion.

## **WILDWOOD/ HAMBLIN FAMILY**

In the summer we would spend time with **Redacted's** relatives in "Wildwood," a cabin community in Provo Canyon on the way to Sundance. **Redacted's** mother, June, owns a cabin there. His father, Robert, passed away in 2012. Robert had divorced June in **Redacted** and had since remarried 3 or 4 times. **Redacted** has 4 siblings – Carol, Steve, Suki, and Krii. **Redacted** is the second oldest.

**Redacted** especially loved to show off around his siblings and talked a lot about psychological theories and psychologists like Freud. He often reminded us that he had the most education of all of his siblings. He loved to demonstrate his "skill" in front of them. For example, almost all (or just one or two) of the **Redacted** would be given treats, while others would be left out and mocked. He loved creating situations where public punishment was given or he and his siblings could alienate a certain child from the group. These were regular experiences for CS children, but **Redacted** would talk about the psychology of these created situations and loved getting the attention from being the "authority". His siblings supported this behavior and did it themselves.

Date: 1994-1996

Time: Evening

Location: Craig and Susan Christensen Home, Spring City

One evening at **Redacted** Suki's house (with their family, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, Craig's parents and a few of Craig's siblings), **Redacted** started teasing **Redacted** who was a toddler. **Redacted** loved to make comments and tease him about being fat. This night **Redacted** talked loudly and told the people around him to watch how easily he could begin to create a "new part" in **Redacted**. He said, "**Redacted**, I'm 'Tubby Tanker'." People laughed. **Redacted** didn't pay attention to him – he usually avoided **Redacted** because **Redacted** was mean to him. **Redacted** repeated the phrase over a few times, then said, "**Redacted**, you're not 'Tubby Tanker,' I'm 'Tubby Tanker'." **Redacted** just looked at him and told him to go away. **Redacted** looked at **Redacted** and me sternly and motioned for us to say it with him. We obeyed. One person would say *they* were "Tubby Tanker" and then another would say, "No! I'm Tubby Tanker." Pretty soon, **Redacted** tried it on **Redacted** and **Redacted** finally said, "No! I'm Tubby Tanker." **Redacted** held his arms up in the air and then bowed to everyone while they clapped. **Redacted** got **Redacted** to say it over and over again. After that, every time **Redacted** was around **Redacted** for the next year or so he would call him "Tubby Tanker" and get him to say, "I'm 'Tubby Tanker'."

**Frequency:** This was a variation of the “opposite game” that was used daily in our lives.

**Redacted’s** sister, Susan (Suki), is devoted to him. Their family often lived close to us and participated in ceremonies with us. At these ceremonies and other times, I witnessed **Redacted** and Susan having sex. Other times **Redacted** and/or **Redacted** Craig would be part of it, and sometimes just **Redacted** and Craig. Sometimes we attended ceremonies at their homes. The adults often laughed about how their family had followed **Redacted** moving to NY, to Utah Valley, to Spring City, then back to Provo. Craig’s parents and some of his siblings moved to Spring City when they did, as well. Around that same time, **Redacted’s** father, Robert, renovated a house and moved there, too. **Redacted** Steve bought a property there but I think they might have had to sell it again. This time period was when the adults (**Redacted**, relatives, friends) most often spoke about creating a “United Order”-type community with their CS friends as part of their “last days” preparations.

**Redacted** is **Redacted** and between **Redacted** and **Redacted** in age and played very often with us growing up. Suki, her mother, wanted **Redacted** to be included with us and our various performances, but our **Redacted** often told us that **Redacted** had no “talent” and was not pretty enough. **Redacted** was also often told by **Redacted** Hamblin relatives that she had “the Christensen head” (round face) and was awkward and/or ugly. Adults (including her own parents) and cousins were very cruel to her, tormented her or acted disgusted with her regularly. She often retaliated. Aunt Suki would ask me many times to teach **Redacted** to be a good “Peacemaker.” **Redacted’s** personality is not subtle and she is a very openly passionate person. She had a very hard time, from what I saw and experienced, being her family’s “Peacemaker.” The adults would also laugh and encourage any poor treatment of her by **Redacted**.

Most everyone (adults first, then kids – led especially by Carol, **Redacted**, and Steve) would *ruthlessly* make fun of **Redacted**. As a young child **Redacted** was regularly called “gay,” a “sissy,” and a “fag.” He cried very often because of this terrorizing and was called more names for it. **Redacted** also participated in this type of teasing with **Redacted**.

Our **Redacted** Carol was especially cruel to all the kids and was often quietly disparaged by **Redacted**. She could be extremely cold and critical and an image keeper. She loved saying she was “The Queen” and talked about and sometimes wore her sparkly red shoes and striped socks like “The Wicked Witch” from The Wizard of Oz.

The Hamblin family has a term for kids flirting with the adults. The term is used as if it is some kind of condition. They call it having “the cutes.” When we were told to have “the cutes” at home or with any of **Redacted** we got a lot of attention and praise.

**I** The adult Hamblin siblings would be very mean to each other. They made fun of each other in front of one another, behind each other's backs, and to their spouses and, frequently, to their children. They made fun of each other's spouses. **Redacted** Tim, Clyde, and sometimes Craig were called effeminate. They said Carol wore the pants in her family and that Clyde was a woman. They made fun of Craig's face and nose and about Craig's **Redacted** who permed his hair. They teased Suki and Craig about having **Redacted** for a child.

**Redacted**, Steve, and **Redacted** (and sometimes **Redacted** Craig) would frequently grope us and then give us "fishies" when we tried to get away. (I have spoken about this in my previous documents.) **Redacted** and Steve would sometimes make us play "Go Fish" with them and if you requested a card that someone didn't have, they would make you "get" a "fishy" – they would do it to us and each other. ("Fishies" would be given to me AT LEAST once a day at Wildwood by various people.) **Redacted** Steve also played "Old Maid" with us and would call it "Old **Redacted**," saying he would call me that when I was an old woman still living with **Redacted**. He teased me about being **Redacted**'s "little wifey," too.

Steve and **Redacted** would sometimes perform the song "**Redacted**" from "White Christmas." Steve would request we massage his back and shoulders, paint his nails with **Redacted**, pretend to put makeup on him or put actual lipstick and other makeup on him, "do" his hair with bows, curlers, etc. He and **Redacted** would sometimes wear dress ups and walk ("saunter" and "prance," as they called it) around like women.

The "N" word was used to tease people (as it was at the Bennion's house, most often by Joe). **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and Steve loved to ask each other if they had any "nigger-toes" (brazil nuts) then they would laugh and the person they "offended" would try to wrestle them into submission (it was offensive to them to be equated with people of African decent). **Redacted** laughed a lot when they did this. Both **Redacted** and some of the Hamblin family called people "mongrals" (meaning to them "mixed race") or "mongoloids" (for mentally disabled people). They made a lot of jokes about and disparaged the mentally or otherwise disabled people around us, such as the young man in Spring City and the Larsen's son, **Redacted**, who both had Down's Syndrome. They often said they would have aborted them or killed them at birth, if they had been their parents. They would make jokes about the common LDS view that disabled people were some of the "elect of Christ." They talked about the black nanny Robert (**Redacted**) and June (**Redacted**) had employed while their children were young. **Redacted** often said to his siblings that he had a fixation on breasts and "nursing" because **Redacted** had not nursed him as a baby, but had given him to the nanny who was his "wet nurse." He said his "little David part" was still trying to nurse from **Redacted**. His siblings teased him that he preferred "black breasts" and "chocolate milk" because of the wet nurse.

Steve would often shake our hand, wiggling his index finger on our wrist while wiggling his eyebrows and saying something sexually suggestive to us. This was attempted almost daily when **Redacted** were together.

When together, many times a day **Redacted** and Steve would wrestle each other, groping their “wee-wee’s”, groping or trying to put their hand between the others’ butt cheeks or tickle each other’s anuses. They would sometimes take showers or baths together. Once at Steve’s house in Arizona (1994-1996), **Redacted** heard Steve was in the shower and ran and jumped in with him. The adults all laughed about it later.

**Redacted** and his adult children would all say the following and laugh (and teach the kids to repeat these lines):

Your lips are like roses... Negros’s

Your hair is like wool... Steel wool

Your teeth are like fences... Picket fences

We did frequent performances of the “Nelly” skit/song (See end of paper). This skit reinforced multiple threats they made to us.

Date: 1983

Time: Night

Location: **Redacted**’s house, Tucson, AZ

**Redacted** took baby **Redacted** and me to **Redacted**’s house. I remember asking **Redacted** where **Redacted** was. He said she was in the hospital because she was sad and didn’t want to be **Redacted**. **Redacted** and **Redacted** took off their pants and sat on the floor. They told me to rub and lick their “wee-wees.” They were laughing. I did and they started rubbing their penises. They ejaculated and told me to eat the semen. I did and laughed really hard.

**Frequency:** The experience of rubbing and licking **Redacted** and **Redacted**’s penises happened when we lived in Tucson, in Spring City when he bought a home there, Wildwood, and when he would visit our various homes.

Date: 1991-1992

Time: Summer

Location: Wildwood, Provo Canyon

I was with **Redacted**, **Redacted**, **Redacted**, and **Redacted** (**Redacted**) in the Wildwood cabin main room. Everyone was running around and playing. **Redacted** Steve was on the couch and he tried to get us to come over to him and pointed to his cheek for us to kiss it. It often took a lot of convincing because we knew what was going to happen.

Sometimes we successfully ran away, but most of the time he would grab us aggressively. I said I didn't want him to tickle me and he swore he wouldn't. He kept begging us to give him a kiss and then he started threatening me that he would have to tell **Redacted**. I knew that if he did, whatever **Redacted** made me do with the two of them as penance would be much worse than this. I attempted to kiss his cheek and **Redacted** and I tried to hold his head in place. He grabbed my head and whipped his face around really fast so we kissed on the lips. Then he laughed really hard and started to tickle me. I resisted and tried to get away but wouldn't let me and tickled harder. Then he started trying to pull me in closer. He groped my chest and put one hand up my shorts to fondle my vagina. I kicked and tried to get away and **Redacted** grabbed his arms and tried to pull them open. He kept making a "kissy face" and trying to kiss me as I struggled. All the kids were yelling and jumping around in the chaos. Some said for him to tickle me, others said to let me go. He was laughing hard. As he relaxed his grip I scrambled to my feet and turned around to run away. He stuck out his hand and gave me a "fishy." I ran out to the backyard.

**Frequency:** This was a frequent occurrence whenever we were with **Redacted** Steve. This happened in **Redacted**, when we visited his or **Redacted**'s homes, and at Wildwood. He would sometimes jump out behind a door or corner and grab us and do the same kinds of things. Other times he would pretend to be asleep and grab us as we walked by. **Redacted** and Steve often did these things together. Once and a while **Redacted** Craig did it, too, or would join them. They could get violent (especially with **Redacted**) and spank, pinch, hit, etc. When we cried we would be mocked and ridiculed in front of the rest of the kids and parents. They also loved to give very painful "Purple Nurple" to us at these times. We also knew if we told on him to any of the other **Redacted** it would do nothing. They often just laughed or ignored us. **Redacted** Craig would do fishies on us, too – especially if the other men were doing it.

Date: 1991-1992

Time: Summer

Location: Wildwood, Provo Canyon

Another time, **Redacted** and **Redacted** had dropped us off to play at Wildwood with the Christensen's and Hamblin **Redacted** for the afternoon and they would come back for dinner. We had been upstairs jumping on the beds earlier and I had taken off my socks. I ran back into the cabin to get them and up the stairs. I was not thinking about being quiet when I passed the door to the one private bedroom upstairs. The door was ajar and **Redacted** Steve asked who was there in a gruff voice. I didn't say anything. The bed creaked and I heard footsteps. The door opened and **Redacted** Steve said I had woken him up and had some repenting to do. He told me to get in the bedroom and he shut the door. He pushed me onto the bed and took off his belt. I



kept saying I was really sorry. He whipped his belt on the floor and said he didn't believe me. He started pulling off my shorts and made me to get on all fours. He spanked me and seemed to be masturbating with the other hand. Then he grabbed my hips and started anally raping me, cursing and saying how good it felt. When he was done he pushed me to the side and lay down on the bed. He told me he forgave me. I got up and collected my things, and put my shorts and underwear back on. I snuck out and sat on the swinging bed for a while.

## DOLLS

*See Dolls under Ceremonies*


## BIRTHDAYS

Birthdays in the CS were very traumatic for us, but **Redacted** often threw big parties for our school classmates and friends. **Redacted** held my birthday party at Wildwood one year (**Redacted** grade, I think). I had been disobedient and **Redacted** decided to punish me. He made everyone try to fish in the river that runs behind the cabins using his pole. He caught a fish and called everyone over to him. Laughing, he then gutted it aggressively, pulled out the heart (it beat independently for a while) and scared my friends by making some of them hold it in their hands and then put it on a rock in front of us. Some of them ran away to the front of the house.

## CLOTHING

I was raised being told by **Redacted** that for the rest of my life I was going to live at home as **Redacted**'s second wife (his "little wifey" or "good little wifey," as he called me). For most of my public youth life, **Redacted** often dressed me more conservatively and plainly than **Redacted** (aside from fancy dresses used on Sunday - bought for CS parties and prostitution and child porn purposes). **Redacted** purchased the majority of my clothes shopping on her own, would give me some of her clothing she had saved from her youth, or would give me her current clothing to wear (anywhere from 4-8 sizes too big for me). I was not allowed to wear any makeup to cover my bad acne or wear any kind of low heel until I was **Redacted** and then it was very minimal. **Redacted** were not given the same restrictions. In private, and starting in my childhood, I was given lingerie, a trendy outfit (if I was supposed to look my age for a client), costumes, etc. She put makeup on me and did my hair.

## FAMILY DYNAMICS

We were to be completely obedient to our elders and the Elders on the Councils. This was for "the best" and our "own good," phrases and terms used nearly daily by them. See also "Paterfamilias" and "Wisdom of Parents" (pg .

**Redacted** would often tell me that I was his favorite **Redacted**, but that I was never to tell

**Redacted** because they would be jealous. **Redacted** also told me that I or **Redacted** and I were their favorites. They regularly disparaged **Redacted**.

Rosie often said she wanted to live in a nudist colony. She said she loved being naked around the house, and she often did so - even in front of windows. When we lived in Spring City, Joe would often come over after she had been walking around like that. She was sometimes fully or partially naked around our "clients" to try and entice them to do stuff with her and get more money, she said. **Redacted** attended many Women's Retreats with other female members of the church (CS). **Redacted** would tease **Redacted** about going because **Redacted** and others reported that they had a lot of lesbian sexual encounters there.

## HEALTH

In Utah, our primary doctor for most of my childhood was **Redacted**. We went to him a lot. We also went later to **Redacted**. They both worked across from Day's Market on Canyon Road in Provo. At times **Redacted** took us to multiple Dr.'s for the same ailment (especially to get painkillers) and frequented many pharmacies in Provo. She kept a lot of these medicines around our house in bathrooms and kitchens.

We contracted a variety infections in all places, viral and bacterial. At times we took frequent antibiotics. We often got boils and sores on our skin. **Redacted** covered them with band-aids and warned us to not take it off and not to tell anyone about them. I once got one about the size of a quarter on my thigh and when I could barely wear pants over it because of the pain, she finally took me to get it lanced by the doctor (**Redacted**). He said I should have come in much, much sooner and it would not have left a scar (I still have the scar). **Redacted** and **Redacted** had the same boils and sores we often got.

I got very many eye infections through my childhood. Once when we lived in the Provo Condo, **Redacted** gave me her used prescription eye drops (from Edgemont pharmacy) to treat an eye infection. When the drops ran out, we were living next door and **Redacted** told me to call the pharmacy and lie to them. She had me say that **Redacted** needed a refill but was too old and confused about the process to do it herself. They said it was no problem and **Redacted** sent me down to the Edgemont pharmacy to pay for it with cash. She had me do this one additional time and the pharmacy said they had needed to contact the original doctor, but it went through.

In my teenage years, **Redacted** did many "homeopathic" treatments along with her Matriarchal blessings. She gave us "garlic enemas" (where garlic is minced and

added to the enema bag water), garlic pills, large doses of vitamin C and zinc, other herbal medicines and teas.

To try and preserve our regular health with so much exposure to bacteria, she taught me to clean myself with very hot water after being raped. She had me wash inside the vaginal canal with hot soapy water and to hold my urine before and during sex and then urinate immediately afterward (to “clean” the urethra). She gave us regular enemas because **Redacted** liked to anally rape us so often. She would fill the bag multiple times per enema until the water coming out of us was “clear.” I would often feel dizzy and sick afterward. We also had to do this with douches. When we got to be teenagers, she made us do this process our own (at her order).

As I grew older and learned about STD’s in school and through friends, I was very, very afraid of catching one. I sometimes used douches and enemas even more than **Redacted** ordered, thinking it would protect me.

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## SECRECY/ SECURITY

“Opposite day!” **Redacted** and relatives would use this code phrase as a threat when they heard us say anything in public that exposed our secret life and beliefs. They would say it in a playful, “joking” voice but it was a very real threat. When we would get home we would be punished for any “slips.” As Peacemaker, I was extra paranoid because I would often get the most severe punishment – “extra trials” which I was told were “for the best” and “for [my] good.” As I got older, I would say the phrase “opposite day!” to keep **Redacted** and **Redacted** in line. **Redacted**, relatives, and their friends fostered tattle-tales among all the children. It kept **Redacted** and I afraid of disclosing anything. We became extremely skilled at hiding our life and talking in code about our family’s faith. The titles “Christ,” “Savior,” “Redeemer,” “Lord,” “God,” “Father,” “Holy Ghost,” etc. all meant Lucifer/Satan. If we had to say anything to another CS member in public we often said the opposite of what we meant. If we had to refer to the Church (CS), we would usually call it “The Group.”

**Redacted** chose homes where they were safe, or *safer*, to practice their religion:

NY – Landlord and neighbor were CS members.

Provo – Our neighbor was “Cliffany,” an old lady who **Redacted** told us was going senile.

Spring City – Our house and lot was surrounded by an abandoned lot, the Bennions, and an old lady (Bernice) who was VERY hard of hearing and sat inside with her TV blaring 24/7. The neighbor (Jeff Allred) who lived to the west of us was almost one full acre away from our house and had a large

closed fence around most of his property line. **Redacted** often said things about him being stupid and called him an alcoholic. On the other side of our same block lived an old, nearly blind artist named Ella Peacock. Next to Ella was Linda Allred and sometimes her daughter, Bobette, and son-in-law. **Redacted** said Bobette and husband were “ritual abusers” when **Redacted** was of age to attend their Nursery class in the LDS Church. I was told the family on the north end of the Bennion’s side of the street HATED us – especially the Bennion’s. When “a neighbor” called the cops on our family for the frequent noise and bonfires outside, everyone said it must have been a complaint from this certain family.

In places we lived, there were LDS ward and stake members around us that were secretly CS members.

## OTHER ABUSE

Date: 1985-1987

Time: Nighttime

Location: Kevin and Khaliel Kelly Home, NY

**Redacted**’ friends (CS members) would often call me “Tabitha” when I was at their homes to play or sleep over. One night I slept over at the Kelly’s house with **Redacted**. It was a big sleepover with all the kids. Khaliel told me (calling me “Tabitha”) that I was to “have sex” with **Redacted** that night. She said he was too shy so I had to be in charge. She said that if I didn’t do this she would have our landlord (“The Punisher”) take me to the basement when I got home. I was very afraid of Khaliel. I had seen her in and out of ceremonies, LDS church, and both our homes and she could often be very angry, cold, and cruel to her kids and also to us at times. That night she arranged for **Redacted** and I to share the lower bunk of a bunk bed. I obeyed and carefully tried to shift closer to Ian all night, a centimeter at a time. He would stay for a while, as I got nearer. I finally put his arm over me a few times, but he would slowly pull it back. I was sure he was just pretending to be asleep. **Redacted**, his sister, got up to go to the bathroom and saw us. I froze and pretended to be asleep, too. **Redacted** was mostly lying on his back and I was facing him with one arm and leg over his body. **Redacted** stared at us for a long time, then went back to bed. After a while I fell asleep. In the morning Khaliel asked if I had obeyed her. I was scared and said that **Redacted** just kept sleeping. She said I had disobeyed her and would not give me breakfast with the other kids. She was cold and silent with me all morning until **Redacted** came and got me.

Especially when we lived full-time in Provo, **Redacted** would drop us off at “**Redacted**

Nola's" house to spend several hours or the afternoon. We were threatened by Redacted that she and Redacted would punish us severely if she heard we had resisted *in any way* with what they wanted to do with us. Redacted always revered Redacted Clyde and spoke admiringly about him. She had lived with the Sullivan's as a young adult.

Redacted would take us into the house and speak in the dinning room for a Redacted with either of them, then leave. Nola would usually take us right upstairs and have us take our clothes off. She would run a bath in her huge (it seemed to us) jetted tub in her master bathroom. We "swam" in it while she changed into her robe (naked underneath or wearing lingerie or consecrated LDS garments) and watched us. Then she would say she was going to "pamper" us and take us out one by one. She would get out her big towels and dry each of us off. Then we got to go into her master bedroom and closet. She would let us play "dress-up" with her clothes. She would put body powder, fancy lotions, and perfumes on us. (We would get to pick or she would make a big deal about picking "just the right one" for each of us.) She put some on, too or she would make us powder or lotion her. Then she and Redacted Clyde would make us do sexual acts. Often, the "art lesson" in her water color studio would happen at the end of our stay before Redacted would pick us up. Nola would have us paint something and then come around and paint over it once it dried more ("correcting it") or sometimes just paint one for us. She would regularly give us a piece of her artwork to take home (just on watercolor paper) and most of the time it was of one or more flowers. She would say she was picking out one that matched our "flowers" (vaginas). When we got home, Redacted would make us tell her every detail of what we did with Redacted Nola and Redacted Clyde.

Date: 1990

Time: Daytime

Location: Nola and Clyde's House

One day Redacted and I were running around Redacted Nola's room modeling her clothes as Redacted got her lotion and perfume from Redacted Nola. Redacted was talking in a British accent and acting like a wealthy woman. Redacted Clyde was in the bed watching us, wearing his garments. (Which are LDS, but consecrated to Satan by CS rule.) He was laughing and touching his penis. Then Redacted Nola called us over and told Redacted to climb on the bed with Redacted Clyde. Nola had us take off the clothes we were wearing and she rubbed lotion everywhere on us, fondling our nipples and genitals, too. Then she stood up and took off her robe and she was naked underneath. She told us to get on the bed. Redacted was giving Redacted Clyde oral sex. Nola told Redacted and I to "dance" for them, demonstrating slow "sensual" movements with her arms, torso, and hips. Then she told us to embrace and kiss each other. She said our vaginas looked like beautiful flowers and she started masturbating. Redacted Clyde ejaculated and made Redacted lick it up. He told us to do it, too. Then Nola ordered us to lick her vagina like kittens and suck on her nipples. She called me "Tabby Kitten." Redacted Clyde stuck his finger into my vagina and hooked it and

yanked me around. When they were done they told us to leave the room and get dressed.

**Frequency:** Usually one to several times a month. The order of events would change but there were usually one or more sexual experiences, in addition to painting, playing their organ, or wandering around their house. They would stage these oral sex or rape sessions all over their house. They had many forms of “beds” in their house. Sometimes we were taken to Clyde’s office (the room with the organ). Clyde usually raped me and Redacted in that room and in their Master bedroom, but sometimes they put us on a blanket under the carving of “The Three Graces” in their living room (Clyde had carved a huge “Three Graces” sculpture into the wood wall above the fireplace in honor of Belle, Nola, and Carma – the original “Three Graces.” Nola always told us she was the middle front one – the most beautiful, with the “best figure” of the three. We were named “The Three Graces” after them). Sometimes Clyde would start raping one of us and then finish (ejaculate) in another Redacted. Often Nola and Clyde would call me “Tabitha” while I was there.

As threats of silence, Nola has given me “gifts” of her flower paintings nearly every time we have visited her home, many times for Christmas gifts, and has brought them to Redacted’s houses over the years so Redacted would pass them on to us later. For my wedding present she gave me a large, matted painting of a single iris (a flower she often equated with my “flower” - vagina) with barbed wire fencing around it.

We also attended ceremonies at her house.

Throughout the 1990s, especially in warmer weather, the men in Spring City used to make “Pee Rings” on the roads around our house at night. They would get very excited about doing it since there was a chance someone might see them. The women would laugh and tease them about it, too. I don’t know if it was a real CS “ceremony” (as in the ceremonies Redacted did) or something they made up themselves. I tend to think it was made up. I saw them do many variations of it throughout my childhood. They also did this on camping trips.

Date: 1993

Time: Daytime

Location: Spring City House

One evening towards the end of the renovation to “The House” (our house in Spring City), Redacted, Redacted Gerrit, Joe, and another man (maybe working on our house) went out after dinner to make “pee rings.” I had been sent out to get something we had left outside and watched them from behind our fence. They stood on the street with their hands on each other’s shoulders for a minute, their heads bent down. It looked like they were praying. Then they looked around to make sure no one was

watching and broke away from each other, spinning with their penis's hanging out of their pants. (When I was in **Redacted** grade I saw a picture of "Whirling Dervishes" in my social studies book and thought they were also making "pee rings.") They held their arms out or up in a "V." Then they masturbated as they looked all around them in the dark. They swore and laughed and I guessed that was when they ejaculated. I ran back inside so they wouldn't see me.

**Frequency:** This happened approx. 2-3 times a month, sometimes more, and especially in warm weather. **Redacted** and I would often play outside before bed with the neighbor kids and see **Redacted** and Joe or a group of them doing it. Often after a big dinner at the Bennion's, the Larsen's, or our home, the men would announce they were going out to make them. Sometimes they would tell us to come over and watch or tell us to walk around to make sure no one was watching them. Once and a while, if they were feeling really confident, (usually no moon or street light) they had us come rub their penises with our hands.

Date: 1992-1994

Time: Evening

Location: Spring City

One night **Redacted** had dinner with the Bennion's and Larsen's at the Bennion's house. I think there were a few more people there, too. The Schulte's might have been there. Joe and Lee kept talking about a movie they were excited to show after dinner and the adults made lots of sexual jokes. After dinner we all went into the living room and the kids sat on the floor. We also got to eat popcorn. They turned on the movie and it was a fantasy soft porn movie featuring "Fabio." I think there were a few scenarios on one tape, but one was of Fabio as a pirate king who "makes love" in a fancy tent to an unwilling woman they captured. The adults were very rowdy and called out explicit "directions" for Fabio. The adult women mocked the woman who was resisting Fabio and yelled out directions for her. They laughed through the whole thing and got very excited.

**Frequency:** We watched it one other time with the adults but they left the VHS in with the other tapes and we kids (us, Bennion's, Larsen's, and others) would watch it once or twice a year and "make fun" of it.

We would frequently stop by **Redacted's** condo when we drove to Provo from Spring City for lessons and appointments. Other times, **Redacted** would drop us off to spend the day or half day with her.

Date: 1995-1996



Time: Daytime

Location: **Redacted** 's Condo, Provo (Carma & Richard)

One day **Redacted** dropped us off at **Redacted**' house. Almost immediately **Redacted** called me in the kitchen and opened her shirt and pulled down her garment neckline to expose her bare and scarred chest. She had previously undergone a double mastectomy. She grabbed my hands and put them on her chest where her breasts were removed. Then she took my index finger and traced it along her scarring. I winced and she said there was nothing to be scared about. She made me rub her skin in circles while she closed her eyes and said, "Yeeesss...yeeessss!" Then she sat on a kitchen chair and made me kneel and give her oral sex.

Date: 1995-1996

Time: Daytime

Location: **Redacted**'s Condo, Provo

She would also fit me for her costuming projects and make me undress in front of her. I always tried to keep my bra and underwear on, but sometimes she would make me take it off because it was not "authentic" to the costume. One day, as I stood there while she pinned a dress she was working on, she would stop to rub my body sensually and talk in admiring detail about my "curves," "full breasts," and "luscious bottom." She stood up and hugged me from the front, with full body contact and pressed herself against me. She whispered in my ear and kissed me on my ears and all over my face. Then she lay down on the bed (we were in the sewing room) and she made me give her oral sex and then praised and praised me to **Redacted** when she came to pick me up. **Redacted** said she was jealous, so she made me do it to her and **Redacted** watched and masturbated. The whole time **Redacted** talked about my "beautiful rosebud" (her "pet" term, she said, for my vagina).

**Frequency:** These events happened even more frequently after my trip with her to the East Coast (documented later). I was terrified to fight back because of the things she did to me there. Up until we lived with **Redacted** in their condo, this kind of thing happened often when we visited their house (weekly for many periods of time). When we lived with them it was often a daily occurrence. Also, **Redacted** would make violent threats to us that we must comply with anything and everything **Redacted** wanted to do to us, as we were payment for the money she was receiving from them.

As mentioned, she called my vagina "rosebud" and "rose." She called **Redacted**'s vagina "pansy-face" and **Redacted**'s "two-lips" (tulips – because, our elders liked to say, she was "a pretty little dutch girl." **Redacted**'s father was Dutch and the country and customs were talked of extensively among **Redacted**). **Redacted**, her sisters, **Redacted**, and many others called our vaginas "flowers."

Sometimes we would use **Redacted**'s community pool key and

go swimming. We always hoped **Redacted** would be asleep or out of the house when we returned otherwise she (or **Redacted** if he was there – she often called him home when we visited) would come in when we were showering and rape us and make us give her (and/or him) oral sex.

She also would whisper “dirty” words in my ear and then describe their definitions to me in detail.

## MISC. INFORMATION

Feelings were often tense between **Redacted** and Lee Bennion. Sometimes they would not even speak to each other. From what I observed, there was a lot of jealousy, struggles over power, feeling superior over each other, etc. The Bennion’s named one of their pigs “Rosie.” **Redacted** retaliated later by naming our main quarter horse “Lucy,” after Joe’s sister (who **Redacted** joked was a “spinster” with a “horse face”). **Redacted** also named our goat “Schlomo” (the Yiddish version of Solomon) after Joe Bennion (“The Punisher”) because he would violently try to bite, butt, and kick you if you got near him. **Redacted** called the salamander at the bottom of our well “Solomon” after Joe, too. (The well was used to terrorize us.) Lee’s sister’s sons, **Redacted** (also grandson’s of **Redacted**’s **Redacted** Nola – Carma’s sister), named their two snakes “David” and “Rosie” after **Redacted**.

Joe Bennion, “The Punisher” of the Spring City group, is a potter. He used his kilns to burn any body parts or evidence left over from the murders. To frighten us, he frequently spoke about his kilns, how hot they would get, how no one could hear you inside once they were sealed, and insisted, with Lee, we only pronounce kiln as “kill.” Joe was very aggressive and violent. Sometimes when we knocked on the Bennion’s door Joe would open it, lunge and roar at us, then laugh.

**Redacted** installed a “bidet” in our Spring City home when the addition was built. **Redacted** said we were to use it often throughout the day to make sure we were clean and prepared for “sex” at all times.

One of **Redacted**’s (Carma’s) frequently-told stories is about how she got permission to take measurements of the shirt that Hyrum Smith was martyred in. She always made a point of how marvelous it was that it had the bloodstains on it and that she got to touch the blood herself. She said she had prayed over it.

From what I observed and experienced, **Redacted** was/is a great disappointment to her father and mother because she has continually caused so much trouble and humiliation for them in the eyes of the Church (CS). According to grandpa, **Redacted** also went too far, were too sloppy, had so much undisguised contempt for the LDS gospel that it reflected poorly on him in the public eye, etc. We were told

that we, **Redacted** and I, were the hope of the bloodline.

Extremely traditional in his CS views, **Redacted** often talked about how disgusted he was that **Redacted** thought himself above the higher authorities of the Church (CS). (He often talked like this during and after **Redacted**' separation).

**Redacted** both have Ph.D.'s and **Redacted** has an additional law degree from Harvard, though he barely, if ever, worked professionally in public as an attorney. **Redacted** said it took her 8 or more years to get her general studies degree from BYU. I am not sure that **Redacted**'s other siblings ever graduated from college. **Redacted** often talked about how unintelligent, disabled, slow, and troubled her adopted children are. She said they had all been "damaged" by their birth mothers.